

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR
THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA

JAMES MICHAEL AMOR
PATRICIA ELVIRA ARMOR
213 N. Kinzer Ave.
New Holland, PA 17557

NO. 21-5574

Plaintiffs,

CIVIL ACTION

vs.

JURY TRIAL DEMANDED

COURTNEY CONOVER
6522 Mason Cir
Randleman, NC 27317

Defendant.

PLAINTIFFS' PRETRIAL NARRATIVE STATEMENT

Plaintiffs, by and through their undersigned counsel, hereby files his Pretrial Narrative Statement.

A. BRIEF STATEMENT OF FACTS TO BE INTRODUCED AT TRIAL

This case involves the systematic and unrelenting defamation of the Plaintiffs by a relentless Defendant who has appointed herself the self-righteous advocate of alleged victims who she recklessly asserts, without any personal knowledge, suffered some kind of abuse by the Plaintiffs many years ago.

In pursuit of her self-appointed mission, she has authored articles, blogs, posted comments on social media and Facebook, accusing Dr. Amor and his wife of aiding and abetting pedophiles and/or rapists by refusing to take the claims of rape and sexual assault victims seriously and by retaliating against them. This retaliation, Defendant has asserted, includes but is not limited to

publicly humiliating the victims, calling them crazy, refusing to rehire them, and/or terminating them.

The case stems from Dr. Amor's employment as the Performance Entertainment Director of the Pittsburgh Renaissance Faire (Faire) in the Summers of 2020 and 2021. Defendant has unrepentantly testified that she wants to hurt Dr. Amor and his wife and if that involves the loss of Dr. Amor's dental practice, then so be it.

Defendant has continually represented that her accusations will be corroborated by others at trial. The Plaintiffs know this will not happen a trial because Defendant's allegations are false. It will become clear that Defendant is motivated by a malicious animus and Plaintiffs will request the jury to award punitive damages, in addition to the compensation set forth below.

Plaintiffs will testify to the falsity of Defendant's irresponsible and uncontrolled allegations. Defendant will be taken by the Plaintiffs to testify as on cross. Plaintiffs expect she will be unable to justify the viciousness she has published and the false light in which if she has cast the Plaintiffs.

Plaintiffs reserve the right to take any of Defendant's witnesses as on cross and, depending on the testimony may have the following witnesses testified as to the falsity of the events Defendant has so recklessly published.

B. STATEMENT OF DAMAGES CLAIMED

Plaintiffs are seeking the following damages:

- Legal Fees in excess of \$75000.
- Expenses related to the prosecution of this case are \$1,754.49 consisting of filing fees, deposition, and detective services to locate the Defendant.
- Pain and suffering in an amount to be determined by the jury.

- Lost Revenue. 150 of Dr. Amor's patients have a crossover to the Renaissance festival. Offers to purchase Dr. Amor's dental practice were dramatically withdrawn. Instead of selling for \$175,000, it instead sold for \$55,000 and Plaintiffs spent \$8500 emptying it of equipment which he was unable to sell.
- Dr. Amor had a revenue loss of \$25,000 from 2021- 2022 which he attributes to Defendant's defamation. Plaintiffs have attached an exhibit of a profit and loss statement from January through May 2022 it shows a loss of \$14,940.68
- Loss of income by Dr. Amor tracking and researching Defendant's defamatory publications when that time could have been spent in dentistry, as locum tenens at \$100 an hour. Dr. Amor calculates his loss at around \$36,000.
- Punitive damages in an amount to be determined by a jury.

C. WITNESS LIST

1. James Amor

Under the custody and control of Plaintiff's attorney. Will testify to the falsity of Defendant's defamatory publications and the damages he has suffered.

2. Patricia Amor

Under the custody and control of Plaintiff's attorney. Will testify to the falsity of Defendant's defamatory publications and the damages she has suffered.

3. Courtney Conover

As on Cross.

4. Lois Beidler: 3217 Stoudts Ferry Bridge Road, Reading, PA 19605

(610) 781 – 1256 iszadance@yahoo.com

Will testify as to the falsity of Defendant's publications.

5. Scott Walton:

225 Morewood Avenue, Blairstown, PA 15717 (724) 454-0205
scott.walton1@yahoo.com

Will testify as to the falsity of Defendant's publications

6. Randal Scott Lefkowitz:

212 Washington Street, Munhall, PA 15120

Will testify to his lack of knowledge regarding any sexual assault/rape

7. Leonard Miller:

189 Archertown Rd, New Egypt, NJ 08533 (215) 499-0105 tj_miller@hotmail.com

Will testify regarding the falsity of Defendant's publications

8. Chelsea Charlesworth:

310 Cedarhurst Avenue, N.Versailles, PA 15137 412-251-2236 chelseasweetpea@gmail.com

Will testify regarding the falsity of Defendant's publications.

9. Christine Manns

6810 Vera Drive Pittsburgh PA 15236 (412) 377-7300 clrauch@hotmail.com.

Will testify as to the falsity of Defendant's publications

Plaintiffs also reserve the right to call any witnesses listed by Defendant.

A. STIPULATIONS

None.

B. DEPOSITION DESIGNATIONS

All witnesses deposed are expected to be called live, barring an unavailability issue (no such issues are known to Plaintiffs at the time of this filing).

By way of disclosure Plaintiffs may use the following sections of Defendant's deposition. Page. 13: line 14 – page 59 line 9

LIST OF EXHIBITS

Plaintiffs also reserve the right to utilize any exhibits listed by Defendant. Plaintiffs reserve the right to seek to leave to amend this list to the extent consistent with the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure, the Local Rules of the United States District Court for Eastern District of Pennsylvania and the policies and procedures of this Court.

EXHIBIT 1

The image is a screenshot of a Facebook profile page. At the top, there's a navigation bar with various icons and links. Below that is the user's profile picture and name, "Courtney Conover". Underneath the name are sections for "Intro", "Photos", and "Friends". The "Intro" section contains a bio and several status updates. One update from Courtney Conover discusses her stance on speaking up against abuse. The "Photos" section shows a grid of several photos, some of which are circular profile pictures. The "Friends" section shows a list of mutual friends. The overall layout is typical of a Facebook user profile.

EXHIBIT 2

11/4/21, 11:59 AM

The Devil Who Rules The Pittsburgh Faire

Life is Not Always Kind

The Devil Who Rules The Pittsburgh Faire



October 30, 2021

Most people abuse power. They use power to dominate others. They use power to destroy others. Ultimately when you do this, you lose it.

— *Frederick Lenz* —

I'd **love** to say not a single thing I'm about to write in this particular blog is true. The mere thought of **any** of it being true is enough in itself to raise my ire and make me want to start a mob. Unfortunately, it's **all** true. I have gotten every piece of this information from the Devil himself, several major cast members of the Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival (including several middle-management level cast members in charge of other cast members or more serious duties), and independent acts who work at the festival.

So, without further ado, let's discuss the Devil Himself and why he needs to be expelled from the Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival: Entertainment Director, James "Doc" Amor.

When we speak truth to power
we are ignored at best and
brutally suppressed at worst.

11/4/21, 11:59 AM

The Devil Who Rules The Pittsburgh Faire

The Decades-Long Cover-Up of Rape and Pedophilia

When Doc was a younger cast member, he experienced one incident in particular that has colored his judgment to a point where it has made him a human monster. In that incident, he made "a joke" that was taken as sexual harassment by another faire employee. He was accused of sexual harassment and was viciously adamant he had merely told "a joke" and was therefore innocent of the accusation. Obviously, this excuse is an unacceptable one, as his personality and "jokes" are **very often** quite cruel and certainly offensive. Regardless, this one incident has made him hypersensitive to accusations - immediately causing him to assume **all** are false.

By the late 1990s, a new cast member of the Pennsylvania Renaissance Faire would cause more behind the scenes, and promptly covered up, drama than anyone before him. A man in his thirties by the name of Gene Harlin. Gene would later go on to christen himself off-stage by his on-stage character name, Quinn.

By the mid-2000s, Quinn was in his mid to late thirties. He was a street performer in Pennsylvania where Doc also worked. This was greatly to Quinn's advantage. However, people were watching, and were noticing. During this period, a 15 year old girl named Emily would join the cast. 35+ Quinn would openly pine for her. In public. In front of friends and fellow cast members alike, as though an infatuation of a 35+ year old man with a teenage girl was normal and acceptable. Doc convinced him to contain his despicable desire for the underage girl, who was absolutely not interested in a pedophile as old as her father. This was the first step of the problem. Quinn complained to friends like Brianna Kube, who would follow him and Doc to Pittsburgh years later, that it was unfair he was being told who he could or could not like. This line of complaint would come back later.

By the time they all left PARF for Pittsburgh (hereafter listed as PRF), Quinn had already gotten an accusation of misconduct. A young female cast member had accused him of making sexual jokes and unwanted advances toward her. She said he had not stopped when she asked him to, and was very upset about the situation.

Being the first official accusation, and being so similar to what Doc had experienced

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many years earlier, Doc immediately flew into "attack the victim, for she lies" mode. Not only did he choose Quinn over the girl (she quit after talking to Doc), several years later she'd come forward recanting her statement, claiming "*I must have*

misunderstood his intentions. I was young. I'm sorry." She had absolutely nothing to be sorry for, and had been vociferously gaslight by Doc Amor.

That is, until accusation number two, approximately two seasons later. Quinn worked with another cast member named Shawn. Shawn and he did not get along one little bit. They argued regularly and absolutely loathed each other. I cannot do anything but speculate as to Shawn's reasons, but Quinn says that he hated Shawn because he would dismiss Quinn's talent and ideas. He wanted all credit for everything and always wanted to be in front. Not to mention the lack of work ethic Shawn supposedly exhibited. (I would like to point out here that these very complaints were also applied to practically everyone else Quinn would ever work with... including everyone involved in the Rabble Rousers band he was in, and the people he had performed with at PARF.)

Shawn had a girlfriend named Kayla. Kayla also worked at the festival. Quinn admitted that one day he had, indeed, been alone in a building with Kayla, but admitted to nothing else. He had told everyone at the time he had never been alone with her. Kayla had accused him of rape, but did not go to Doc right away. Instead, she heard stories of what happened to his first accuser and kept quiet. Not to mention, she knew his open feud with her boyfriend would cast doubt upon her claim and could be used against her.

During a cast rehearsal, she finally broke down. Doc's wife, Patti, told her she had to work with Quinn that weekend (having noticed she had been deliberately avoiding him for weeks at that time). Kayla had a full, traumatic meltdown. According to a cast member that was there at the time, Kayla backed up and repeated, "No, I can't. I won't. No," over and over. She began to shake and cry. Patti, cruelly, told her she was being immature and dramatic, and to get over it. Yes, instead of asking what could be wrong with this young girl that she'd react in such an extreme way, she reacted in a vicious and dismissive manner. In fact, she was so adamant about his stance, she convinced others in the cast Kayla was merely crazy also. When Kayla realized she wouldn't have a choice, she screamed, "He's a rapist! He raped me! I can't!" Patti laughed at her. Yes, LAUGHED. And called her crazy and told her to go home. Kayla quit on the spot.

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Now, anyone who knows anything about human psychology would understand that this is literally a textbook reaction of a victim being forced to spend time with, and relive the trauma of her rape, with her rapist. It is a very clear PTSD reaction. The Amors treated her with disdain and condescension instead.

A few days later, she'd approach Doc privately to discuss her accusations and get her last paycheck. Doc told her she was a liar and would not even begin to entertain her "crazy false accusations". He said they were only trying to get back at Quinn for his open war with Shawn, and her accusation was clearly - as was the first - false. She was not welcome back on site.

Between 2016-2018, Quinn and Doc had regularly communicated (this comes from Quinn himself - of course, with his way of twisting it to become the victim instead of the perpetrator. I'll therefore mention his side, and how I challenged it at the time) in regards to Quinn's "relationship" with yet another 15 year old cast member. This time, he had found a young girl with severe mental health issues who decided a man a decade older than her own father would be the love of her life. Little girls with mental health problems can develop crushes on older men quite often. It is up to the older men to dissuade these young girls and let them know that any man who would take them up on it, were pedophiles and would be abusing and taking advantage of them.

Instead, Quinn admitting to indulging it. He spent a lot of time with her. He talked with her about sex so often, apparently she felt comfortable discussing sex and sexual

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With her about sex so often, apparently she felt comfortable discussing sex and sexual fantasies with him. In fact, at 15, she even sent him her nudes to his cell phone. Guess who were the only two to see these photos? Doc and Quinn. Doc told Quinn to delete them and he'd "take care of it". Quinn said Doc always had his back "*protecting (him) from these insane little girls who always seem to get all obsessed with (him).*"

If you're already rolling your eyes, you're not alone. I immediately retorted with, "*Why are you driving an underage girl places, admitting to being alone with her, and talking to her about sex to begin with? You're 30 years older than she is! You could biologically be her grandfather!*" His response, "*She's my friend. That's what friends do.*"

It only gets worse.

That same girl was caught by a friend of Quinn and a Pittsburgh cast member making out (at minimum) on the couch of their shared home. The girl had just turned 17. He was 45.

He had, by that point, learned to lie about his connections with underage girls. He knew to tell the truth about what was easily observable to others would mean he'd lose his job at the festival and in the community theater scene. Since Quinn was never one who could keep a steady job elsewhere, he was more than willing to say what it took to keep those jobs (just not do what it took - i.e. keeping away from teenage girls).

He told his close friend at the time three different stories on what happened with that girl that day. The first was the bullshit "nothing happened, they're lying" story he told everyone else. When she didn't buy it, he tried another lie. Eventually, he admitted to kissing her, but said it never went beyond that. Neither she nor I believe that is true.

Soon after that incident came the cast funky formal, where the girl committed the ultimate sin in his eyes - she kissed a friend of his, much younger than he (yet in his 30s already, so also a pedophilic act). He told me that moment is when he decided she'd never get a chance with him. I responded, "*I thought you said you weren't interested in a child?*". He said, "*I'm not. But it was definitely sealing the deal!*".

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The following summer she turned 18, but it was too late. She tried to hit on him, as she was now of age. He rejected her. He says it was because he was never interested to begin with, because she was too young, and because of kissing his friend. You got a different excuse depending on when you asked him.

But, by then, he'd spent over a year grooming his next victim. Another young 15 year old who was just about to turn 16. Doc, yes Doc.... who knew about his open love for a 15 year old a decade prior and had been covering up sexual assault allegations, had decided the absolute best cast member to mentor her was Quinn.

Please tell me you understand what's happening here.

He immediately began grooming her and her parents into thinking he was the greatest thing since sliced bread. By 2019 when the rejection occurred of his previous target, he'd already been molding that relationship for a year. This time, however, his previous victim took notice that he was doing the same thing to another girl he'd done to her at that age. She went to another cast member with a history of being assaulted. This cast member, in her mid-twenties, observed for a week or two, and determined she was correct about what was happening. She went to Doc and the cast head in West Virginia (Queen in PRF), Anne. Doc immediately tried to rebuff the girl and call her a liar. He called the twenty something crazy. And if it wasn't for Anne believing her, nothing would have even been looked into.

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Fortunately, Anne told Doc to let her do the investigation. It caused several fights between the two. Doc was already letting the main cast member of West Virginia know that'd she'd never work in Pittsburgh because of her accusations of Quinn, and that he'd make sure of it. He followed through with his threat.

The newest girl, unfortunately, was so groomed by that point she refused to say anything to Anne. Anne recognized the pattern of behavior, and said she believed he'd already started a relationship that was inappropriate there. But, she could not prove it. The backlash of the girl standing up for her abuser led to her avoiding social media for awhile. Eventually, she blocked Quinn on Facebook and left his band.

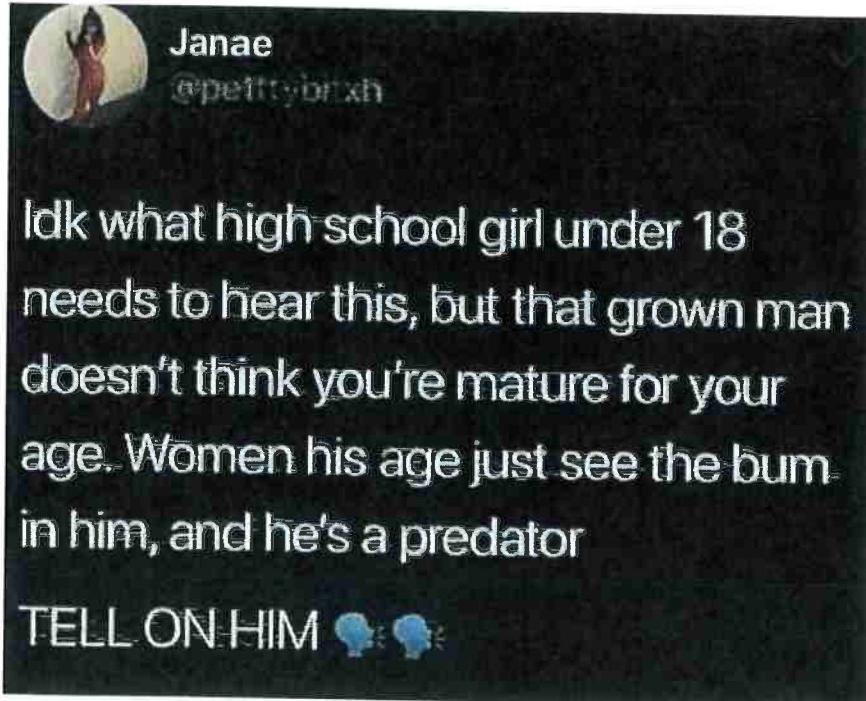
Quinn's reaction to a just turned 16 year old girl blocking him on Facebook only proves his disturbing intentions. He fell back into drinking after being sober for a few years. He became completely depressed and refused to communicate with others. He instead chose to spend his days drowning in alcohol over his sadness he'd lost a 16 year old as a friend he was supposed to just be professionally mentoring.

During this time, he'd gone to Bri to ask her to friend the girl on Facebook so she could report back to him what she was up to. I'm not kidding. Bri refused.

Eventually, that November, we'd spend a weekend together where this issue would come to a head. As we were at the hotel together, he moped and sighed and yelled over the loss of the "friendship" of this little girl. He yelled how he hated people who were telling him who he could and could not be friends with. What conversations he could or could not have with those friends (again, he was caught by her father discussing sexual fantasies together on a couch. Even Quinn admitted it took a lot to convince the father it was innocent at that time. Clearly, it wasn't). He said it was unfair and he stomped his feet and paced the room. I, of course, only made this worse by agreeing a 46 year old man and a 16 year old girl should not be discussing sex or cuddling on a couch alone together. Friendship of that nature is nothing but disturbing simply because it's between a *grown man* and *child* young enough to be his granddaughter.

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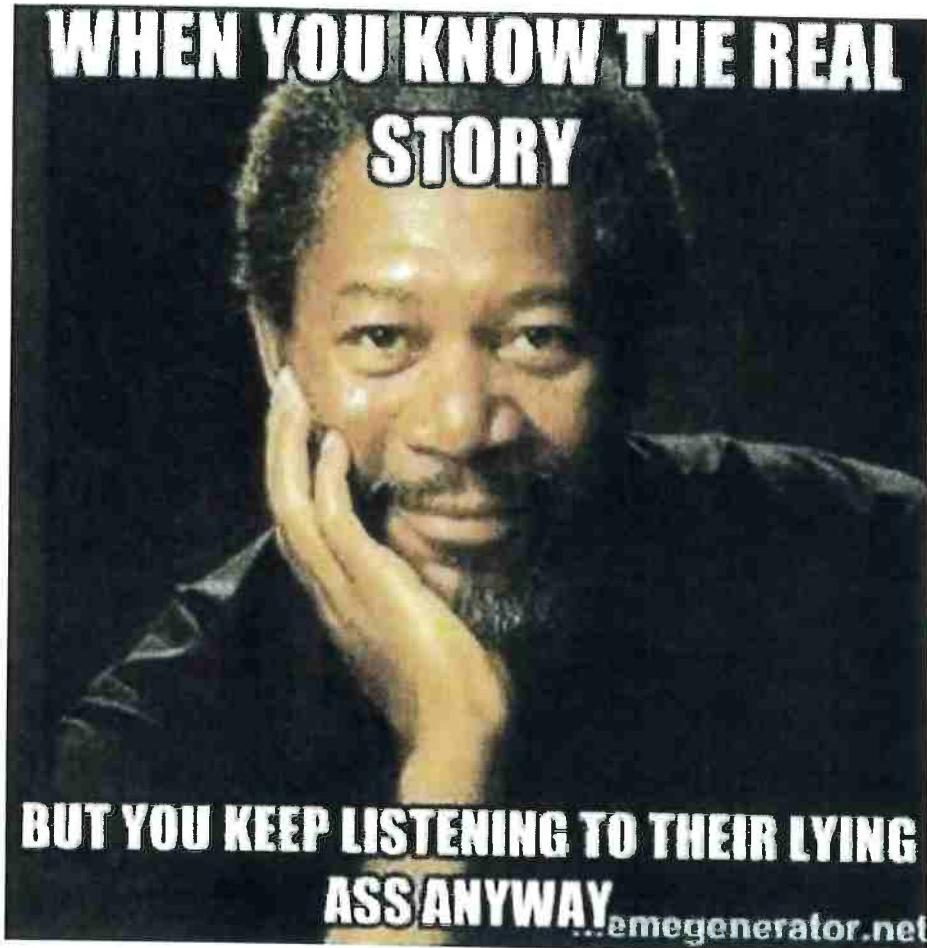


He quit his band that weekend. He posted, "I probably hate you" on his Facebook bio. You know, the rational, mature things you do when you're an almost 50 year old man separated from his teenage buddy (sarcasm is dripping in that line).

It is now that Doc finally at least opens his ears. With Doc's refusal to fire the previous victim, who had let everyone know what newest abuse he was partaking in, Quinn decided to not be a part of the cast that year in Pittsburgh of his own accord. Of course, he twisted the story to such an extent it was unrecognizable, and made himself the victim. And, of course, got a load of sympathy because no one knew the truth.

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The Aftermath - And More Cover-Up

Unfortunately, Doc's listening didn't last long. During rehearsals for PRF that summer, he decided it was the best thing to do to scream at the previous female victim in front of the entire cast. He called her names like liar and crazy. He said her delusions about Quinn were going to stop. He said if she ever wanted to work there again, she'd never bring it up after this. He did this in front of the entire cast. In fact, even this year, she was told she was still "on probation" and any screw up would mean she'd be out. His intent was to make a point. It was made, and there was backlash as she fled the room crying.

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Rape Apologist Bingo

I've seen Portia real y nice.	Here come the torches and pitchforks	Why can't they speak up sooner?	Boys will be boys	The women are lying
That was years ago	Why are they staying anonymous?	He likes women	I'll need to see some evidence	Does this mean I can't but now?
#MeToo is going nowhere	[Star for Women]	He's a good guy	(Go-and-say) did the woman	I mean look at the woman, though
But was it really true?	I believe women... but	Women were raised to be do-	It's human nature	Feminazi or White Knight
But he's married	False accusations happened all the time	He's always been cool with me	It's said to see his life destroyed for this	It's like you can't even date a girl any more

The first significant backlash was one of their three major male leads (at the time, if was Quinn, Jimmy Amor - the son of Doc, and Michael Menendez - Jimmy's best friend). Michael Menendez decided he'd had enough with Doc's overall treatment of the cast and he was quitting at the conclusion of the season.

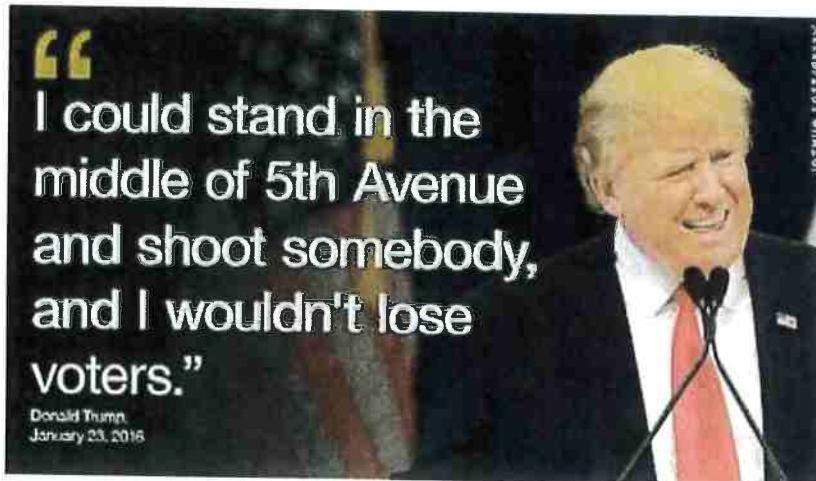
Not only did he quit, but he also sent a written letter to the owner of PRF, detailing the abuses Doc regularly put the cast through and how he needed to be removed from power. The situation with Quinn that year was merely the straw that broke the camel's back.

So, what happened with that letter and all of Michael's accusations regarding Doc? Absolutely fucking nothing. It was handed off to Kristy Fertal, who later told Brianna Kube that nothing would be done about Doc, as the owner liked him. (Further cementing her claim to me he was untouchable. *"Doc is like Donald Trump at the*

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Pittsburgh Festival. He could murder someone in the lanes and the owners would still love him. He can do no wrong. Monsters stick together.")



The only thing Fertal said was she was going to "attempt" to make sure Quinn wasn't allowed back on cast, but that ultimately that decision went to Doc. And Doc was already privately doubling down on the idea of getting Quinn back on cast.

With a lot of prodding of Bri, terrified if she said a word she'd lose her job (and so retained backup in the form of Brennan and Christine, other manager cast members), she finally held a meeting with the cast and Doc about Quinn. She wrote a speech, detailing every single account of an accusation or openly predatory behavior that Quinn had exhibited in the previous 15 years. The goal was to convince Doc to not let him back on cast. Doc, with pressure from what was left of his lead cast, eventually relented, but agreed to only that year. Again, Quinn immediately went to Facebook to lie about how he was choosing to leave the festival because people were dramatic. I'll never understand people like him.

Cast Harassment

I want to start by saying here that there are so many incidents that I don't know about. The letter written against Doc by Michael Menendez would be what you want for detail.

I'd have to say one of the biggest issues that is associated with his cover up of Quinn's crimes would be the email sent out to all major cast managers during the time the previous teenage victim was coming forward about the new victim. There were rumors going around that Quinn had raped both her and the new teenager. In fact,

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another cast member came forward and said they were told it happened, but that the woman was too terrified of Doc to admit it openly.

Doc sent out an email at the time, which Bri still has in her possession as evidence, which threatened any cast member who dared want to question Kayla about her rape. If anyone speaks to her about this or asks her anything, they would be immediately fired from the festival. This letter was in red and bold.

Why would you prevent the questioning of someone you don't believe anything happened to? Unless you know that she was raped, and any inquiry into the matter would prove it. After all, now he's spent so many years covering up the crimes of Quinn, he's equally as liable.

Too often,
abuse is a dirty secret
kept by the abused,

where shame
and the threat of more abuse
are used to buy silence.

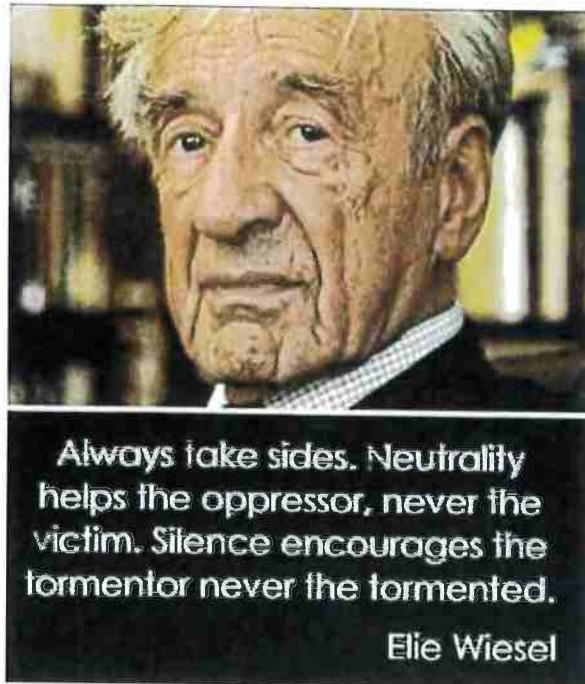
I know part of Menendez's issue with Doc was the consistent verbal abuse and threats the cast had to endure. Between constant fat jokes told at the expense of any overweight cast (including my favorite - "Anyone want to discuss the elephant in the room?", Then laughing and pointing to Brianna), stupid jokes, racist jokes, and autism jokes, most of the cast were fed up.

He was also going on Facebook telling people what they could and could not post. He would viciously argue on their pages and call them names. The cast, as a collective, hate him. They put up with him because they are not traveling performers who can just simply go to another festival. As long as Doc is in power at PRF, they know they have to take the abuse he dishes regularly, or quit being able to work at a

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Renaissance Festival. Most have chosen the former, but after the events of the summer of 2019, some others besides Menendez have also chosen to quit.



Doc at Home

Bri is certainly someone who likely hates him most of all, but is also deathly afraid of not only losing her job, but physical harm if she openly defies Doc. Yes, she's afraid he'll beat her or kill her. These fears are not unfounded.

For several years, Bri stayed with Doc and Patti during festival weekends in a spare room of theirs because she lived on the other side of the state. A big reason for her choice to move to Pittsburgh (besides wanting to get closer to the Duelists during faire season - see here) was so that she'd never have to stay with them ever again.

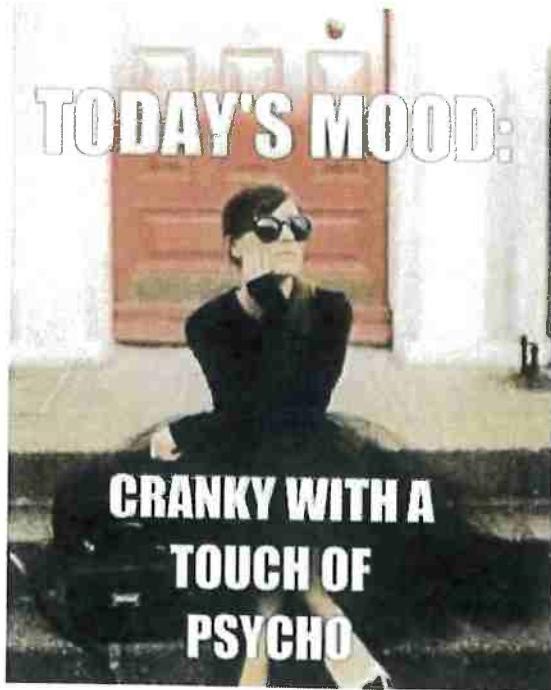
Bri would regularly call me crying and shaking from her room in their house. You could hear Doc screaming and loud noises in the background (crash, bang, etc). Bri would sob that he was screaming at Patti again. Yup, he, at minimum, was verbally abusive of Patti. Bri claimed he was also physically abusive, but since he was much less violent than her previous husband, Patti tolerated his abuses and defended her husband. But, Bri would have PTSD meltdowns experiencing it secondhand and through a locked door. Her father was like that with her mother before he left. She

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could never handle Doc's temper and abusive nature.

Not to mention Doc made fun of her being fat every second that he could. He'd post memes on her page about her being desperate, fat and psycho. While the facts stand where they may, he as her boss was absolutely abusing her. She was so upset about one meme, I'll post it below. She cried as she said she was sick of his calling her names and thinking it was funny.



One of the funniest things she secretly did was when we went to Brevard Faire in Florida together. He had the nerve to tell her while she was there, her "job" was to get him and Patti hired there so they could eventually "run" that place too (that was literally what they said - "*it's such a small faire, they need us and our expertise!*", she relayed to me.. then added, *"But not your abuse."*

So, what happened when we got there? Did Bri do as she was commanded? Quite the opposite. She told anyone she could that Doc and Patti were terrible managers that abused cast members for years and to never hire them. I must say I think I heard her give that speech at least 10 times that weekend. When Doc messaged her at the end of the weekend to ask if she'd done what he wanted, she lied and said yes. She then turned to me and said,

"The only people that man is nice to are the

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independents. He has them over for dinner and treats them like gold (except for the Duelists, as Randal and Michael see right through him), as they all have the ability - in his mind - to expand his little faire empire beyond Pittsburgh and West Virginia. He's using them.

Those beneath him and in his care, the cast, are regularly abused. I can't allow any more people to go through what we do. We're stuck with him. I know that. But, I'll be damned if I'll let him abuse anyone else!"

When are you going to do something about this, Pittsburgh? Is Doc and JP and son too powerful for you? I've had two cast members tell me not to go to the media or they'd make up a story about how I was seeking revenge for my failed relationship with Quinn. Anything to deflect from the truth. Well, fuck you. I'm not going to let you bully me and spread lies the way he bullies you and everyone else. I refuse. Except for not being able to attend PRF (I have zero desire to give money to monsters, so that's already been decided), I have nothing to lose. I'm just the only person who knows the truth that isn't afraid of him or his power.

This is the truth about James "Doc" Amor whether you like it or not. The question now is, are you going to shoot the messenger, or actually fucking DO something about the monster and his abuse out there in Pittsburgh?

Evil people rely on the acquiescence of naive good people to allow them to continue with their evil.

Stuart Aken

11/4/21, 11:59 AM

The Devil Who Rules The Pittsburgh Faire

meetville.com



Popular posts from this blog

The Narcissistic Duelist

May 22, 2021



DISCLAIMER: I'm going to say upfront that I will be posting minimal screenshots in this blog, because they are embarrassing to me. It is not because I did anything wrong that I will not outline here also, but because th...

[READ MORE](#)

I Left My Heart in West Virginia

June 22, 2021



The Weekend in West Virginia You probably won't understand this post unless you've already read *The Narcissist Duelist*, and even then, I left so much of the story out for my own peace of mind (and because of my promises to...

[READ MORE](#)

Honesty and Friendship Don't Mix

April 25, 2021



Introduction (I will not be naming names directly on this blog, but you are welcome to ask in my inbox and I'll tell you.) I have always had difficulty fitting in with most people. I am considered to be "brutally honest". I hav...

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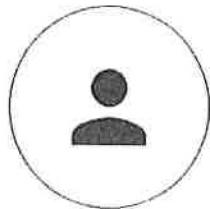
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EXHIBIT 3

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The Perpetual Victim is Actually A Criminal

I don't always think

The Perpetual Victim is Actually A Criminal



April 06, 2021

You're crazy to
everyone who can't
manipulate you.

Fuckology

DISCLAIMER:

This is a very difficult blog for me to write. I haven't told anyone the entire story of Quinn. Bits and pieces here and there, but no one knows everything. The reason why is because I am incredibly embarrassed of myself. I am flat out disgusted with me for this, even. I showed every possible method of being a person who lacks any and all self-respect - something that is usually a substantial part of my hallmark qualities. I let him walk all over me. I let him use me. I ignored his criminal behavior and disturbing confessions. I made excuses.

Why? For the lamest, most pitiful excuse of a reason as was humanly possible. Because this was the first person I was attracted to that was giving me the time of day in my entire life. I'm actually not exaggerating. I'd never been with anyone I was actually physically attracted to by this point. My old friend Tania told me once, "When you're with someone you're actually attracted to, it's different. It's exciting, thrilling. You'll know it when it happens." And I was finally, for the first time in my life, experiencing that. And I hate myself for it - every single day since.

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I have very little screenshots from Quinn. So, you will not be seeing more than one or two things near the end, unlike the previous blog (where I held back, quite substantially, what I had). The reason behind this was for two-fold.

1. He is incredibly smart about not getting caught. He only tells people things in person. He never does anything that can be traced back to him later, unless it was deliberate.
2. I was more concerned with getting rid of him from my life than to record what I did have. I blocked him as soon as I found out the truth of who he was, eliminating everything I had in my Facebook and phone messenger programs. I realize now that is to my detriment.

Due to this, this will be primarily a he said-she said tale. I am fully aware of that, and I am fully aware of his intention of how to spin it in his favor, as he told me exactly what his plan was for it in our last conversation if I ever told anyone what he'd said to me. He relishes those situations, as they have always been his bread-and-butter. It's where he thrives. And it's where he's always won. So, he makes certain that's all it can ever be. A he said-she said situation. He's very crafty that way. It's likely why he's still a free man and not rotting away in a prison cell somewhere.

Although I am aware he'll always have a lot of people who aren't very close to him, or who he has conned, that will always defend him to the death; I also know that for those who know me, and understand I am not a liar, for any reason, should consider that when he hits back on this information.

With the disclaimer out of the way, let's begin the story of Quinn.

Summer of 2019

I met Quinn at the West Virginia Renaissance Festival in June of 2019, during what would be probably the most turbulent time of his life. We'll get deeper into that later. I didn't speak to him at that time, but his band - The Rabble Rousers - performed a parody of "Fat-Bottomed Girls" during the evening Pub Sing, and with lead singer Eric's charisma and talent, that performance stood out to me more than anything else that weekend. I was thoroughly impressed. So, I had friend

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requested both Quinn and Eric on Facebook that very weekend. Although Eric and I rarely interacted, Quinn was a regular on my page and we interacted quite frequently on Facebook that summer.



By the time the Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival, his home faire, came around that August, we had been chatting quite regularly. He had quit the cast for the first time that season, and was working crew, primarily parking and trash collection. When I ran into him again, I realized I was attracted to him. So, with intensive prompting, poking, and prodding from my friends, I asked him if he'd like to get a drink with me. He said absolutely.

We went to a local bar he recommended in Belle Vernon because people could still smoke there. Although he had stopped smoking cigarettes, he was still using a nicotine vape. We discussed a lot of things regarding faire and the mutual people we knew. We had a great time. We laughed and joked the whole night. In fact, we didn't even leave until the bar closed at 2 a.m. Talking with him was... easy. It ended up being the best part about my time with him that fall. We would talk and talk and lose track of time every single time we were together. I hadn't been around someone where just... being... was so easy. I liked it.

He spent a lot of the night vaguely skimming his story about why he was no longer on the cast of the Pittsburgh festival. He said he had quit because a teenage girl, Amy, who had just turned 18 that very summer, had been obsessed with him for several years and joined forces with another member of the faire to ruin his reputation. I asked why she would do that.

Be warned, this was his side of the story. I believe some parts of it are true, and other parts are false. The parts that I believe are true - based on other evidence collected since - will be in italics.

He said that he had always rejected her because she was underage. He said when she turned 18, she tried again, assuming that her age was the sole deterrent, and he had rejected her advances yet again. He said she then joined forces with a cast member named Marjorie to frame him for having a rendezvous with a then 16

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Custodian of records Marjorie to Plaintiff telling her she was being a perpophile with a then 16 year old castmate named Emarya. He said there was no proof whatsoever about that and it was just a jealous, "crazy" teenage girl getting revenge.

He said it was such a traumatic event for him, as he was investigated and made the decision to quit the cast of the Pittsburgh Festival if Amy or Marjorie would be on staff there as well. He said he had spent the bulk of his summer drinking and depressed. He had lost his driver's license and his job with a landscaper also that year, and felt he had hit rock bottom.

Trouble Begins to Brew

I took pity on him, but also investigated his claims with Bri (mentioned in this blog) as I was certain she'd have more information. She confirmed a lot of his story, and said that while she wasn't there at the time, she knew he was being investigated for pedophilic behavior with Emarya. She said Anne had not believed him, but Doc (the Entertainment Director for both West Virginia and Pittsburgh) had stood by him.

She also confirmed Amy had joined with Marjorie to take him down for it. She said that he had been put in charge of mentoring Emarya the year before (2018) when she was just 15. She had joined his band at the faire and they became "too" close for many people's comfort. He was a 45 year old man at the time, and she was just 15.

He saw nothing wrong with being very close friends with a teenage girl, and argued it wasn't harmful and he'd never hit on her. Amy and Marjorie claimed otherwise, and Bri said there were previous incidents in his past that led people to investigate this one with far more scrutiny this time around. She did not, and would not, elaborate further at that time. She said she was convinced he was a new man, and had changed. His behavior, she noted, and entire personality had changed over the last few years since he'd become a father and she asserted her belief he was not the same man he'd been in the past. So, with that, I decided to give him the benefit of the doubt. Because I am stupid. (More on Emarya and Amy later.)

♪The Best Things In Life Are Free♪

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Quinn messaged me the day after our date at the bar, saying he had a great time and would like to see me again when I came back out in 3 weeks. I was happy to hear that, and was looking forward to it. He said he really needed to stay away from bars, due to his issues with alcohol, and would prefer getting dinner instead. I asked him to pick a place and we'd go. He suggested a sushi place called Little Bamboo in Belle Vernon, so I said if he liked it, that was fine.

A week later, he casually mentioned he had been out of work except for faire and didn't have the money to pay for his share of dinner. He had to put it all on his rent. I told him I understood and that I would pay for it. He thanked me and expressed how excited he was to be eating sushi again. He said he could rarely have it because it was so expensive.

When that weekend came around, I did understand why. While most of the sushi on the menu was quite reasonable, priced within \$10-\$15, that's not what he ordered on my dime. Instead, he ordered the \$40 sushi combination for 2 that came in a boat. For himself. I ordered a \$7 appetizer. Between his appetizer, meal, drink, and tip, the total was about \$80. I spent all of \$7 on myself. I didn't even order a drink.

I should have noticed it then. I didn't. I am a dumbass.

Pittsburgh Festival, Weekend Two

That dinner took place on Friday night of that weekend. Although I had plans to stay until Monday morning and attend the faire, any further plans with Quinn were still up in the air. I spent most of that weekend as Bri's "lady in waiting" during faire hours and taking photos for the Duelists.

Both nights, Saturday and Sunday, Quinn called me after faire ended and asked me to come over to his house to hang out for the evening. Both nights, I ended up offering to pay for dinner. The first night, we ordered pizza. The second, we ordered Wendy's. So, during the course of this weekend, I had fed him three nights.

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In a row

He had a physical job, so at the end of the day, he complained of his sore back and feet. While I paid for dinner, I also offered foot massages and back massages. By the middle of Saturday night, he told me he had decided I would be an "experiment" for him. Yes, an experiment.

The Experiment ... and the Catch

Quinn explained (and this was confirmed by a few mutual friends at the time) that he was incredibly private and quite manipulative with people. He said that it took him a very long time to trust and open up to people. Most people would never know his life story, or the thoughts in his head. He explained that a lot of the time, his trust issues extended to something I found to be incredibly suspicious, as it's actually quite illogical and counter-productive if you give it any scrutiny whatsoever. What was it? He would tell people false information in order to see if he would hear that same false story later on from someone else. It was his highly convoluted way of testing loyalty in an individual.

What made this so convoluted and counter-productive was not the idea, but the execution of it. It makes perfect sense if you make up something that isn't illegal or utterly immoral. If you tell someone you dance in your underwear to Abba's Dancing Queen in your spare time, that would make sense as a test. However, if you tell someone something that if it was told to the wrong person, could land you in prison for well over a decade, well... now you've landed into counter-intuitive territory. Funny how most of the things he claimed were deliberate falsehoods to test loyalty always ended up being in the latter category (more on this later..)

And so, the experiment would be this - he would spend every moment we had together telling me everything about himself, no holds barred. He would tell me his entire life story. He would tell me everything he had ever done, good or bad. He would give me his entire relationship history. He would tell me how he really felt about his friends and family. Everything. No limits. I would sit and listen.

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Given he talked so much as it was, that I barely got a word in edgewise, I was okay with this. I was flattered he felt I was the person he wanted to do this with.

Our mutual friend, Bri, was absolutely appalled. After all, she'd spent 15 years as his friend, and said it had taken her several years to get even the most mundane stories from him. Now, he was just going to tell me everything immediately? It was a major problem for her.

He began that very Saturday night. He spent both Saturday and Sunday night discussing his family and a few previous relationships. By the time I left, I knew far more about him than I expected, having spent 3 nights and a total of about 18 hours with him that weekend. The weekend ended with a peck on the lips, and a disappointing announcement.

He said he would absolutely not be sleeping with me for a very, very long time. He said sex always got him "into trouble" and he was going to avoid it now. He claimed that he wanted to date me, but it was going to be at an excruciatingly slow snail's pace, and that I would have to be okay with that.

Being as attracted to him as I was, and only having sex a total of twice in 3 years since my divorce, I really wasn't lol. But, I understood this was his choice, and he was clear that although progress would be slow, things still would progress regularly. I agreed to the terms. Again, I wish I would have seen it was all a lie.

Dinner with the Duelists - Part 2

I said in the previous blog about Bri that I would continue the rest of the Dinner with the Duelists evening in the blog about Quinn. The reason being because the final few hours of the night consisted with Ashley finding out I had begun dating Quinn, causing a scene, and then involving Randal against my wishes.

During the evening, Quinn began texting me. When Bri noticed, she immediately warned me to make sure Ashley did not find out about it. I asked why.

"Because Ashley is immature, obnoxious, and doesn't know how to keep her big mouth shut. She'd only

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~~Now how to keep this big mouth shut she's a very
cause trouble."~~

I found this to be highly unusual for a person already in their mid-30s, but I took her advice and just continued to text without saying anything out loud. Unfortunately, Ashley did begin to grow curious as to who I was texting. I am not a liar, and I saw no possible way to avoid a direct question without lying, so I answered it

Ashley then began asking me a lot of questions. She wanted to know why he was texting me, and she would not let up. She eventually said, "Ahhh, so you're using him for sex! Got it!" Well, I was appalled at her implication, and it was obviously untrue. I can't let factual inaccuracies stand, so I stupidly corrected her. I said, "No, we're dating. We haven't had sex." She replied, "You rejected his advances?" I said, "No, he hasn't made any. He rejected mine." Well.... that was when the shit hit the fan.

"RANDALLLLLLL!!" she yelled, creating a scene across the Dave and Buster's. Randal came running over to us like she'd screamed "fire". "What's wrong?" he asked her. "Courtney's dating Quinn", Ashley replied. "Oh, hell no", Randal said. "We need to talk, come with me. We'll get some coffee." He led me to the bar area, alone, for a conversation.

During that conversation, which Ashley and Bri joined soon after once they realized we had disappeared, it was made clear to me that Randal despised Quinn. I already had known from Quinn that the feeling was, indeed, mutual. Randal, in his usual style, explained as vaguely as humanly possible, giving zero specifics, that he knew Quinn was "a bad guy" and I needed to stay away from him. He said I already had a terrible relationship history with both physical and emotional abuse, and he didn't want to see me do the same thing again. I was flattered, but also annoyed that he wasn't giving me any actual reasons for his stance. Neither was Ashley. Just the general "he's a bad guy", with no further explanation.

Bri stepped in to try to defend Quinn, but was immediately shut down by Randal who accused her of being "completely blind" when it came to men, and so her

opinions should not be considered. Bri was insulted and horrified. This was written
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Randal told her how obvious she was being regarding her infatuation with Michael I thought she was going to start crying right there on the spot.

Ashley then brought up how Quinn had rejected me and was not having sex with me. All Randal said in reply to that was, "That's not surprising at all. I doubt she's his type." I didn't know what he meant by that then, with his complete refusal to ever elaborate or give examples. Now I do.

The Aftermath of Dinner

Ashley almost ended our dating relationship that very weekend. She decided to take it upon herself, during a faire day when they were both supposed to be working, to approach Quinn and loudly demand to know why he wasn't having sex with me.

Quinn was the one who relayed this story to me, and so I admit this is from him only, and therefore not as reliable as I'd like. That being said, I also heard parts of it from Bri, who had talked to Ashley about it after the fact.



(This was the screenshot Quinn sent me about his response directly to Ashley)

Ashley loudly demanded to know why he wasn't having sex with me, insinuated he must be gay if he wasn't attracted to me, and then mentioned how he'd never tried having sex with her in the years he'd known her, either.

This led Quinn to write a public tirade on his Facebook page about people interfering in his life, accusing him of being "things he's not", and pushing him to do things he doesn't want to do. He also made sure he somehow placed

the blame on me for what Ashley had done. As though her behavior was somehow my fault entirely. This led to our first major confrontation, as I wasn't in any way accepting being blamed for someone else's behavior.

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Eventually, we came to an understanding that it was, indeed, not my fault that she did that. He admitted that was who she had always been, and why he'd always had a dislike for her. He deleted her from his Facebook friends list at that time, prompting backlash from her. As she could not fathom how what she had done was, in any way, wrong.

Then, we had to discuss whether or not our relationship would continue. He said he thought it might be better if we hung out as just friends from then on. I said, at that time, that would be impossible for me. I had begun to have feelings for him so I would need time completely apart from him with zero contact until such a time came where I could be platonic. He was not happy with that statement, as he wanted to continue seeing me and finishing his experiment. He said we would continue dating under the continued understanding of his slow pace. I, again, agreed.

"You Can't Do This... Or Else!"

This is when he introduced a few strange caveats. The first was telling me he wanted me to continue to date other people. I said that I was not that kind of girl. I'm not actually capable of dating more than one person at a time. It's not a commitment-based thing, it's just who I am fundamentally. He pushed again, saying he'd prefer it anyway... except...

I could date anyone I wanted, but two very specific people. Those people were Randal and his friend and bandmate, Eric.

I nearly spit out my coffee. I let him know I wasn't interested in either in that way, but I had to know why those two in particular were off the table. My curiosity had gotten the better of me. He declared it would make me "damaged goods" in his eyes. Randal was a person he said he had less respect for than anyone else. He felt if anyone were to be with Randal, they would then be completely unworthy of being with Quinn subsequently. He doubled-down in a far more detailed and disgusting way with his "friend", Eric.

Eric was easily 15 years younger than Quinn, so his continued statements interested me even further. He said they regularly competed for women. My brain

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Immediately went to, well... unless Eric is into older women, you two shouldn't be even close to picking from the same dating pools. I was wrong

Quinn said he and Eric were always competing for women in Eric's appropriate category of age. Sometimes even Eric went too far in the young section, as he's in his 30s now, so a teenager is pedophilic at this point. But, Eric also seemed to be interested in women in their late 20s and early 30s, according to Quinn. Quinn, however, regularly discussed women in their early 20s for himself. That should have been enough for me. I should have been out right then.

He elaborated that he could never date me if I'd been with Eric, or even shown interest in Eric, because in his mind, Eric was a "diseased whore". He would sleep with anything that moved, Quinn claimed. He told a story of him catching him in the act of sleeping with someone on the fairgrounds who, in his words, "needed a bag over her head to be attractive enough to sleep with, and who knows what diseases she had. He was gross enough to bang her anyway. The guy has no standards."

He also said he'd gone after a 15 year old named Sue at one point, so therefore he was also definitely a pedophile. He followed this up with saying he made out with a 17 year old Amy when he was 32 at a Funky Formal (cast party for Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival), doubling down on his pedophile claims on top of the "diseased" and "whore" claims.

His final tale came regarding an incident that happened at the Pennsylvania Renaissance Faire years before. He said he had gotten Eric onto the staff that year (Eric had to have been in his early 20s, with Quinn in his late 30s, based on the time frame). Quinn complained that Eric had been "ungrateful" and "re-paid (me) by sleeping with the girl he knew I was in love with". This girl's name was supposedly Emily and she was much closer to Eric's age. Quinn said he'd never forgiven Eric for that.

At this point, I wanted to know why he was even still friends with him

He said, "I love him like a brother, but he disgusts me. And I can't be with anyone tainted by him. So, if you date him, you lose your shot with me."

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I finally began seeing the red flags at this point. They were noted and stored away. I felt bad for Eric. I wanted to tell him, especially over time as I got to know him a bit better as a person, what was being said about him. I just have never been able to bring myself to.

I quietly accepted this first demand of his, as I had no romantic interest in either man anyway (Being demisexual, it takes a long time for me to gather that kind of interest). After I gathered the necessary information on ridiculous demand number one, we moved on to ridiculous demand number two. This one caused a major fight.

Demand number two was that I was no longer allowed to even be friends with Randal. I could not see him, talk to him, take photos for the Duelists, nothing. If I was going to merely casually date someone at an extremely slow pace, with no obvious benefit, I had to give up what was a big part of my life at that time. I lost my temper, admittedly.

I said no one was ever going to tell me again who I could or could not be friends with, who I could or could not talk to, and who I could or could not work with. I argued him doing this was merely an insecure, controlling tactic he had no right to do, especially since he wasn't offering me a relationship or any benefits in return whatsoever. He finally relented and said, "You're right. I can't ask you to do that. It's unfair. What I will ask is for you to never mention him in my presence." This, I agreed to.

We agreed to see each other once a month. I would, of course, do all the driving - 5 hours one way to Pittsburgh - and pay for the hotel, and the food we ate, and anything we did. As, he was broke! He had gotten a part-time job by then, but it was minimum wage. Of course, all for the pleasure of having him talk about himself all weekend with no physical benefits. Okay, then. Let's get started.

October 2019 - Birthday Dinner and Car Complications

The month between seeing each other again was spent mostly texting,

Facebook interaction, and the occasional phone call (I actually answered the

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phone for him, a rarity for me). We planned to see each other again during my birthday weekend. My birthday fell on that Friday night, which was perfect. Although I asked him where we should go to dinner, he insisted I choose where we eat, as it was my birthday. With some research, I decided on a place I could have a steak at a reasonable price - Hoss'.

It was my birthday, but, I was dating a broke man. So, I paid for my birthday dinner and his. I ordered a steak dinner. He ordered the same steak dinner, an appetizer, and the extra salad bar. He said he felt bad about not paying for my birthday. I honestly didn't mind at the time. My previous few birthdays I did absolutely nothing at all, so I was happy to go out, even if I had to pay.

The problem was, my car decided it really, really hated driving to Pittsburgh. My car broke down halfway to Pittsburgh. After a few hours, it drove again, sputtering and bucking the entire way. I barely made it. Not only that, but my headlight went out. By the time I got there, it was too late to bring to a shop. And, obviously, I was the only one with a car or driver's license. I was dating someone with only a part-time, minimum wage job, no car, and no driver's license (he had it revoked due to several DUIs).

It turns out, my car had the same thing wrong with it that it did months earlier that was fixed. When I brought the car back, it was fixed yet again. During the month I was home, the car worked perfectly. When it was time to go back in November, however, it started sputtering and not wanting to work. Let me mention that it did this each time I traveled to Pittsburgh and back without being repaired again, and behaved normally at home. Since then, I have driven to Louisiana and Florida with zero complications. Just... Pittsburgh.

October 2019 - It Gets Complicated

Our conversations that weekend are where things began to turn. Not as severely as in November, but the wheels definitely slipped off the tracks. We spent Friday night for 6 hours, Saturday for 12 hours, and Sunday for 8 hours, together. He felt so bad about my birthday that he made a fried rice meal for me for dinner on Saturday night, but I paid again for food on Sunday.

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This trip our conversations wandered to Amy and a former friend of his, Elisa. Let's begin with Elisa. She was a woman, now barely in her mid to late 20s (remember, he's about to be 47 at this time), with whom he had a bit of a "falling out" as he described it a year or two prior. He said he'd known her for several years, meeting her in her very early 20s. She became a good friend and theater partner, and he said he was in love with her for many years, and still was in love with her. He spent much of that weekend, my birthday weekend, gushing over Elisa.

Of course, now I needed to know why they were never a thing if he loved her. He said the reason was, "Because I was too late. If I had just told her I loved her earlier, we'd probably be married and having babies by now!"

After consulting with numerous mutual friends between myself and Elisa, including Bri, what I was told was that Elisa was never, ever interested in Quinn in that way. In fact, him being in love with her made her uncomfortable and was why they were no longer close friends. She was involved with someone her own age. It appeared as though he was pining for someone, and deluded into thinking, he had a shot with her. The very poor behavior, Erotomania, that he accused Brianna of regularly exhibiting. I guess when she does it, it's delusional and crazy, but when he does it, it's reality.

After I confirmed the story, I talked to him about it as gently as I could. I tried to get him to see the age difference should have been a clue to him. His reaction made me squirm because later on, when I pieced it together with other things, I realized what he truly meant by this. I told him she was too young for him, and he responded with an angry and unnecessarily exasperated tone, actually yelling,

"But, she's almost 30 now!!"

"And you're almost 50!!"

"I can't talk to you right now." (Phone clicks)

Let's get back to Amy. Amy, the barely 18 teenaged girl I mentioned earlier in this blog. He wanted to talk more about Amy. So, I let him. He said she started

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COMING ON TO HIM WHEN SHE WAS 15, INCLUDING SENDING HIM NUDES. I ASKED WHY SHE WOULD POSSIBLY THINK IT WOULD BE OKAY TO DO THAT.

He said, "Well... okay, I regret this. But, I may have been discussing sex with her. Just the way friends do, ya know? I knew she had questions since she was just a kid, and I was helping her out. I didn't think she'd send me those!! I even went right to Doc, and showed him she sent them to me and I didn't respond! I refuse to get in trouble because she's unstable!"

In order to try to show me she was absolutely the problem, he went on to say how in 2018, during the first run of West Virginia, she had written highly sexual fan fiction that included him, Eric, and her in graphic sexual situations. She then, supposedly, passed these stories out to the castmates of the West Virginia faire. (I have not confirmed this story. If you can confirm this, let me know.)

The next thing he said was that she was a "cock tease". Yup. He referred to a teenage girl as a "cock tease". He continued by saying, "I wouldn't know personally, but some of her boyfriends told me she was. In fact, if she doesn't start putting out with the way she behaves, some guy is just going to take it, and it'll be her fault."

Yes. He said she would deserve being raped. A teenaged girl.



This is when he went on a tirade about how everyone he'd been with was crazy. Every. Single. One. He said they're all crazy and he doesn't understand why he keeps "getting stuck with these crazy bitches". He went on to describe how his brief ex, Natasha, now the mother of the

child that isn't even his biologically that he's helping to raise, poked holes in his condoms when he started sleeping with other women besides her. How she demanded he pay for everything even though she had a job. How she was fat,

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unattractive, couldn't even cook a box of mac and cheese, and used her current boyfriend the same way she used him.

This led to name dropping every woman he'd worked with or dated and how they were crazy. He certainly said he had a habit of underage girls falling for him, and becoming "fatal attraction obsessed" with him for no reason whatsoever. He name dropped Christine at this time, a woman I happened to know, when he said that when she was 17, she was just as crazy as Amy.

He did everything he could, in a spree of hurried speech, to seemingly convince me he was the victim. And yet, my mind kept swirling around the fact that he was discussing sex with a 15 year old girl to begin with, let alone to a point where she felt comfortable sending him nudes.

I must insert this here.. in regards to Amy. Remember where I mentioned he would say things in order to test loyalty? Well, one day he sent Amy an article excusing pedophilia. After she shared it with several people because it disturbed her, Quinn claimed that was just one of the many things he'd sent on purpose to see if she'd be loyal and so he clearly meant none of it. It was a test.

(Later thoughts - Really? You really got people to believe that? No one sends people information that could get them arrested as a test. You test with ridiculous, legal things. It's far more likely that was his cover story when he got caught. As he uses that excuse often.)

My First Request

It was between this visit and the next that I gave Quinn his first out. I said to him it had been a few months and he seemed no closer to moving beyond 1st base physically (and barely even that). This made me concerned he did not wish to date me and that I felt he did not even find me attractive. I asked if he'd prefer to step back at this point. I told him although I'd need space and time away in order to get over feelings, that we could go back to being just friends at this point. He got more annoyed than I expected, and spat out,

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IT I WANTED TO END THINGS, I WOULD. I DON'T WANT TO BE JUST YOUR FRIEND. I'D TELL YOU RIGHT AWAY IF I DID."

November - Where There's Smoke...

By this time, he allowed his ex and mother of the child that isn't even his, to move in with him to save money. So, now the guy I'm dating is living with his ex-girlfriend in a home with one bedroom. He says he's sleeping on the couch, and he'd appreciate it if he could stay with me in the hotel at night to have access to a bed again. This also came with the caveat that he wanted his own bed, as he was still not ready to do more than kiss me. I complied, spending more money for a larger room for his comfort.

He spent the weekend complaining the room was too cheap and annoying his sinuses (it was \$100/night), and he couldn't sleep. He insisted on staying regardless, however. He also insisted on walking around the hotel room in his underwear, which given the fact that I was forced into a no-affection zone while having to listen to his life-story, which included his sex life, was not something I was comfortable with.

I made a large baked ziti to bring with this time in order to feed him without completely cleaning out my wallet. He fed most of it to Natasha.

We ended up going to Denny's for dinner one night, as he said he had been dying to eat Denny's for quite some time. Yes, I paid. Obviously. During this time, we had discussed the issues I was having with Bri's attitude toward me dating him. As mentioned in my previous blog, this is where he argued that Bri thought love was a math equation. That she was not trustworthy, and that she would run me over if it meant getting what she wanted.

He told me his side of the story regarding Bri playing wife to his dead character. His side of the story was that he was supposed to be a Lord, without a wife. That Bri had insisted on being his wife, and would not accept "no" as an answer. He said he was unhappy and complained immediately, as he didn't want a wife at all and

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he especially didn't want it to be Bri. He was denied. It wouldn't be long after that he would quit altogether.

Emarya

This is where I found out about Emarya. He said that he didn't understand why everyone was up in arms over him being friends with a teenage girl. That it was innocent. Yet, he also mentioned they would spend time alone together and, like with Amy, would discuss sex. He told me they would discuss sexual fantasies. I told him that did not sound like innocent friendship, but instead what is known as grooming.

He became so irate he began to pace and yell. He said, "I'm tired of people telling me who I can and cannot be friends with! It's no one's business!"

I mentioned that my oldest was Emarya's age, and so were his friends. I could not ever be comfortable being friends in the same way with them as I am with anyone else my own age. He said that was a problem with me and not him. I said it was inappropriate to talk to a teenage girl about sex. He said it's perfectly normal friend behavior. I disagreed.

He got so angry about, in his words, me insinuating he was a pedophile like everyone else, he nearly stormed out. I was able to calm him down, eventually. This was the beginning of the end.

Soon, he became despondent and quietly said, "She blocked me. She won't even talk to me anymore because people like you have her thinking I'm a predator."

I admit, his extreme emotional attachment to a 16 year old girl he was not related to, and barely knew or saw often, almost made me vomit. And although I'd talk myself out of it later, I knew then I was actually dating a pedophile. And that's why he really didn't want to touch me. The real reason we'd been dating 3 months with barely a kiss between us. And when we did, his body would stiffen like he was disgusted. Even though I was 8 years younger than he is, I was too old for him.

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I mentally revisited his exclamation of "But she's almost 30 now!" in regards to Elisa. It hit me then that he meant that as in, but she's not a teenager, she's actually

an adult! I don't know how I convinced myself to keep going at this time. My brain yelled at me daily

The Second Try

Again, between seeing him, I gave him an out. Again, I said I was convinced he was not attracted to me and did not want to do this. He got so upset, he said "I know I'm awful to deal with. I know you have been so patient with me and I'm impossible. I don't blame you for not wanting to put up with me." But, he continued to argue he wanted to keep going. He was, in fact, attracted to me and this was nothing but him being damaged from previous relationships and wanting to take things slow. He said he really wanted to keep going.

In hindsight, I realize now it was probably because his birthday was coming up and he wanted me to pay for what he wanted, with no way else to get it without me - a trip to Steel Con and to meet Cary Elwes. Did I do it? Of course (Another \$200 dropped) Haven't you seen the word "sucker" printed across my forehead? I even paid for another expensive sushi dinner after! (\$80 again).

Since it was his birthday, I also had birthday gifts prepared on top of that. He had discussed with me that he really wanted to open a sandwich shop that would feed the homeless for free, using the income from paid clients (similar to Bon Jovi's Soul Kitchen, but mobile). I thought it was an excellent idea and encouraged it. He said he had no idea how to logically go about it. I said I could help. So, I got a binder with all the information pertaining to how to set up a business federally and in the state of Pennsylvania, the costs involved, and which documents he'd need to fill out to get started. I then provided him with a fill-in-the-blanks, detailed business plan. I put that all together in a binder and handed it to him. I also got him a gift card for the Guitar Center to pay for the broken guitar string he had.

He would eventually accuse me of doing all this out of manipulation, not because I wanted to or because it's who I am when I'm dating someone. He said I was using

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this as currency. I wasn't. I was doing what I always do for everyone I care about. Unfortunately, he needed an excuse later on for why it was okay for him to take advantage of my kindness. And he found it. It's never his fault.

December

At some point, he finally did do something for me in return for everything I had done. I asked Facebook if anyone had a used TV they no longer wanted that I could buy off them. Quinn just so happened to have a partially broken 32 inch TV collecting dust in his home. He said he was planning on throwing it out, but he'd rather just give it to me. I didn't honestly feel comfortable taking it. But, after a lot of asking and a guilt trip or two, he finally got me to take it. He'd give it to me that weekend in December.

He decided at the last minute that he no longer wanted to see me the entire weekend as planned. I changed hotels that weekend for a much more expensive one in order to accommodate his sinus issues. And in order to get a larger room with more beds, I had to pay about \$135 per night. So, he only stayed two nights.

It was that Saturday I tore my ankle at Bri's house. Yes, the day before the Con. I had no idea it was so badly torn at that time. All I knew was it wasn't broken. I had a splint, and I had crutches. I was determined to go to the Con, regardless.

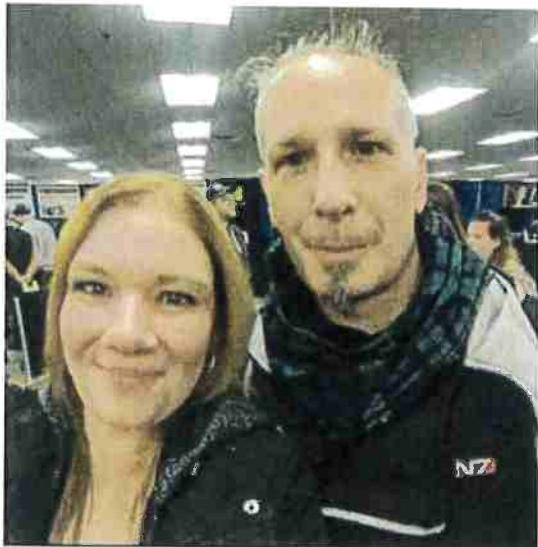
What I really didn't want to do the night before was go back out to pick him up from work. I offered to get him an Uber. This was when I found out this gem - He said he doesn't pay for his Uber rides, so he could save me the money. Apparently, his previous boss at the landscaping company had never deactivated the company card on his account. Every time he used Uber, he was using his ex-boss' company card without permission. Having not been caught in over 6 months, he believed he was safe. I was absolutely not okay with that, made it very well known, and paid for his Uber myself. (I hope he gets caught one day for stealing from that man for so long.)

Steel Con 2019

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Although he was incredibly helpful to me that day, physically, I was depressed most of the day. My morals and intellect were conflicting with my emotions (do you wonder why I think emotions are inferior now?). He allowed me to lean on him all day as my personal crutch to protect my ankle. He found seats for me when standing became too much. So, in general, he was behaving as a decent friend would.



this point.)

He, however, was not acting like a man who was dating the person he was with. Early on in the day, Carmen Electra was wondering around the tables with her bodyguard. He kept saying he wanted to talk to her. I encouraged this, but he refused. He finally admitted he wanted to talk to her in order to have sex with her and leave me there alone, but realized that was probably a dick move. No, I'm not kidding. (Yes, after denying all physical affection to me for 4 months at

It was only 20 minutes later we were in line for Cary Elwes, where I had told him he had to choose between an autograph and a photo because they were so expensive. Don't you know, the autograph/photo fee, when combined was ever so slightly cheaper. So, about \$10 less than it would have been if you bought them separately. I was expecting to pay \$80. What does he do? Talks me into the \$120 for both. Of course.



Gene Quinn Harlin was attending Steel City Comic Con - December 6-8, 2019 at Steel City Con
16,873 likes

Cary Elwes and Wallace Shawn were an absolute treasure. Both were sweet wonderful people who took a few minutes to chat and not just churn out autographs.

I chickened out while walking the gallery and having the chance to chat with Carmen Electra, who was also walking in the area we were and looking at things. Apparently those encouraging me to talk to her overestimate my self-esteem when I'm not in a character.

Picked up some cool artwork that will be getting framed and mounted. Three pieces that form an

How amusing it was to me, then, that Elwes himself noticed I paid, and yet I was refusing to take the autograph or get in the photo. He appeared slightly confused, then apparently made the decision to give me most of the conversation attention since Quinn was getting the rest. He kissed my hand and bowed before me (when Westley does this, you swoon).

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Arrowverse mural! I'll post pictures eventually
Saw a few familiar faces, had some fun
conversations, and all in all had a good day at the
con

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I'm SORRY. You DO). He called me an angel.
He asked about me. He was so kind, I was taken
a bit aback.

Quinn, on the other hand, was annoyed. And not because a handsome man was practically flirting with his date. He said the moment we left the area it annoyed him that Elwes paid me so much attention when it was supposed to be about him. I should have just let him go alone, he said. I told him that if I was paying for it, I was going to at least meet the man. He grumbled, but didn't argue further.

We both met Wallace Shawn as well. This came after he asked if I could spare the autograph money. I said I couldn't, especially with going to sushi that night for dinner. What does he do then? Pulled out a wad of cash of his own, tells me he actually has his own money, and buys the autograph. Um... where was that at any other time?

He also wanted to buy Arrowverse art, but was concerned about not having frames for it. He seemed to really want it, and I have a soft spot for things like that. When people I care about want something, my heart stupidly will bankrupt myself to get it for them. So, what did I do? Offered to get the frames for him, of course. Sigh. Yes, I know. I'm stupid.

The Final Night

This was the final night we spent together. You'll see why that is, soon. Again, when kissing me, he was wooden and pale, as if disgusted. He kept, however, bringing up regretting not talking to Carmen Electra, and was gushing over a woman in a Sci Fi series. Between that self-esteem blow and the fact that I was grappling with the fact that I knew deep down that he really was a pedophile, tears formed in my eyes and I got quiet. When he noticed, he asked what he did wrong, and complained how women were always so emotional. I said that I knew he didn't find me attractive and he needed to just be honest with me at this point. He stammered a bit, and finally said, "Well, you're not that unattractive, I guess" Gee, thanks.

Before I could respond, his "daughter" called on the phone for a video chat. Let

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me give you a bit of background so you can understand why I said what I said in response to this situation. This little girl, according to him, spends a lot of time manipulating him. she knows at this point what to say to get whatever she wants,

whenever she wants. Regardless of circumstance. He fully admits this. As a parent of 2 older children, I am against allowing a kid to learn master manipulation - especially by the age of just 4. I find it abhorrent. You teach them to be good humans, not cold manipulators. If I'm wrong in that, I stand by it.

She asked Quinn to come home. He told her he really wanted to stay and enjoy some much needed adult time for his birthday and he'd see her in the morning. She then tried the tears. He repeated what he said. Then, she tried demanding he come home. This also got the same reaction from Quinn. After talking about what she did that day to him, she finally figured it out.

"But, Daddy, if you don't come home, there might be a kidnapper who breaks in and hurts me. You won't be there to save me. You have to come home right now. No adult time."

There was no fear or anxiety in her voice. Just stone cold manipulation. He immediately started to cave. He said she was right, and he probably should. To practically prove it was a false ploy, she responds with, "Yes! I knew it! Come home NOW, Daddy!"

He then wants me to drive him home. After walking all day for him on a bad ankle. After everything I paid, everything I'd been through. I told him I was not hurting myself more because his kid was manipulating him. He could get an Uber if he was going to allow her to do that and not discipline her for it. Quite frankly, I'd had it.

He decided to stay. In the morning, I drove him home and he put the TV in my car for me. I drove all the way home on a busted ankle. I couldn't have been happier to go.

The Beginning of the End

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When I arrived home, I finally found out that I had torn 2 ligaments in my ankle nearly clean through. I was not allowed to go to work until I had healed, and the doctor was discussing potential surgery since the damage was so severe. I was placed in a boot and told to stay off my feet as often as possible.

Since I am self-employed, taking time off was easy. Unfortunately, it also means I was going to receive no temporary disability pay. I was so broke after a month, and Christmas being this month, I needed to borrow money for January's rent from my parents. The income I had came to a standstill and I was maxing out my credit cards to pay my bills and buy the every day things I needed (that I hadn't already spent on expensive hotels, restaurant trips, Steel Con, and other miscellaneous things I'd spent on Quinn over the previous few months).

In fact, in order to come back to see him during our next planned visit - the weekend between Christmas and New Year's - I had to sell my like-new condition hardcover set of The Wheel of Time. I am still upset with myself for selling those. Getting those back will take a very, very long time. Especially in such great condition and in hardcover.

During that month, he grew increasingly depressed. Bri said this was common for him during December. He had been struggling with not drinking again throughout the month. It was during this time I had the most disturbing epiphany of all. I realized - he reminded me of my father. He was a skinny, pervy guy who was skilled at saying the right things at the right time (usually). He was emotional, but refused to show it, only rarely. He drowned his sorrows in booze. He never had a license or steady job because his drinking, law breaking, and womanizing were out of control. Am I talking about my Dad or Quinn? Surprise! Both.

When Christmas came around, he decided he was going to tell me he was going to drink himself to death because he was so depressed, posted a morbid status people misinterpreted, and then shut off his phone. I became very concerned. I'd dealt with this before. With my father. Shocker.

Previous trauma in my childhood then came flooding back and I was, admittedly, an emotional wreck (growing up with a distant, alcoholic father has its downsides). I was honestly having a PTSD flashback and my emotions were stuck on

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overdrive. A suicidal alcoholic just declared negative intent. And, I was the only one who seemed to care. Bri said. "Eh, he does this all the time. He's fine. If he finally does kill himself, I'll be surprised."

I was too deep my childhood trauma to see anything clearly and I left two messages for him. By the third call, I could no longer leave a message - the voicemail no longer picked up, and the phone didn't even ring. I looked up why a phone wouldn't do either online, and it said "there is no ringtone and no voicemail when a person blocks your phone number".

Needless to say, this was reasonable as he was clear he did not want to talk to me at the time nor did he want my intervention. I care too much, so my stupid ass cared more about him living than whether he wanted to talk to me. It was a mistake.

I left him a Facebook message, a rare communication method for us at the time, saying I wanted to drive out and make sure he was okay. I was worried about him and I knew he'd probably blocked my phone. He got back to me an hour later, completely cussing me out like he'd never done before. He called me every name in the book. Because I was worried about him. And that was unacceptable in his eyes.

I didn't hear anything from him after that until the night he was supposed to meet me at the hotel in Pittsburgh. Surprise of all surprises, he wasn't coming. He insisted I change hotels for a better sleeping experience for him, and I did. He said he was definitely coming before I booked the non-refundable hotel. And then, when he was supposed to be there, he said, "I'm not coming"

The One-Sided Explosion

I sent Quinn an email. It said that I knew he wasn't really interested in me or attracted to me, regardless of his many protestations. I said I knew he was upset about my opinions regarding Elisa and Emarya, but I am who I am. He asked for my opinion during our discussions, and I gave it. I said he needs to recognize his way of thinking, especially when in the minority, should likely be re-examined so he can finally do better in life. I said he needs to actually communicate when he's

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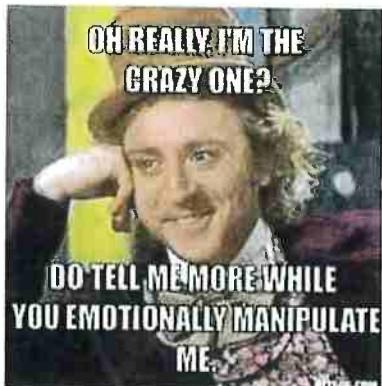
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angry instead of shutting down and saying nothing is wrong. When you do that, I said, nothing can ever be resolved. I prefer to talk things out and come to an understanding, if possible, at the time of the disagreement.

This letter would go on to be referred to, for some reason, by him as "The Manifesto". I am still trying to wrap my head around that. If you understand, please tell me lol.

He sent me a very, very long tirade. It consisted of how I was crazy. I was as crazy as every other person he'd been with. Why? Well, here are his reasons for why I am crazy.

- I pointed out his kid was manipulating him. Only he can do that, not me.
- I thought Elisa was too young for him and disagreed this was a mutual love where he just "missed his chance". He didn't like me insinuating he was wrong about this in any way.
- I refused to agree a personal, close, peer-like friendship with a teenaged girl where they discussed sexual fantasies was normal and not criminal/pedophilic.
- I had the nerve to care if he drank himself to death when he said he'd do that.
- I was under a false assumption that we were dating, when we were just friends (Wait... what????! How many conversations did we have on that very topic?? Where he said specifically he didn't want to be just friends and we absolutely were dating?)



He continued to insinuate what would happen if I discussed him and what went down here between us, publicly. He recounted how every time someone tried to "smear his reputation", he'd go to Doc. He'd tell Doc that, yet again, someone else was angry they couldn't be with him, and they were attacking him because of vindictiveness. Nothing was true and it was purely fantasy, concocted by an irrational,

emotional woman who had been jilted. He said this works every time. He is well liked. And he will be believed - as he always is. Doc always believed him and covered for him. No matter how many times it happened. He had spun a vast conspiracy around how he was the victim and everyone else was the aggressor.

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And, it has somehow, worked

I took that as a threat

I found out later just how often he'd used this very scenario.

Held-Back Information Comes to Light

The day this pseudo-relationship finally came to an end, both Bri and Randal decided it was finally time to tell me the truth. Unlike me, who believes in not holding anything back from a friend, these two decided it was unacceptable to tell a person the truth before it can escalate to a point where it causes problems. I'm still irate over this.

As far as Bri is concerned, she informed me that she was aware of 3 things she had not yet told me.

- Quinn had, after telling her 3 fabricated stories that varied widely, finally had admitted to her that previous summer he had, indeed, "hooked up" with Amy when she was only 17 years old. In fact, his ex, Natasha, had walked in on them making out on a couch.
- Quinn had been accused three separate times of sexual assault, approximately once every few years. This past summer, with him not being on cast, was the first year the festival went without a sexual assault claim or drama.
- During the summer, when Emarya had blocked Quinn on Facebook after the investigation begun, Quinn had asked Bri to friend her on Facebook for the purposes of reporting back to Quinn.

I was understandably irate. I demanded to know why she wouldn't tell me any of these things beforehand, as they would have made sure I would never have given him the chances I did. The only reason I did was because she was talking him up like he was wonderful. Her response?

*"He finally had someone wonderful and normal
that wanted him and could take good care of him."*

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Someone who embodied what he'd always said he wanted in a person and the support he wanted. I wanted to give

him a chance. If he was going to fuck it up, I wanted it to come from him and not his past."

That was not even remotely acceptable for me. I don't believe in hiding crucial information like that. It still enrages me.

Randal told me the sexual assault claims were actually a total of 4, not 3. He said someone came to him and confessed he had forcibly raped her. She did not want to publicly come forward and he refused to give her name as she was scared of the consequences. She had noticed the typical reaction to Quinn being accused was to call the accuser a liar, a crazy person, and humiliate them publicly. In fact, that very summer, Doc had publicly berated "crazy, lying" Amy in front of the entire cast for her allegations against Quinn in regards to Emarya. It was so bad it reduced her to tears.

The accuser before that, Kayla, was likewise smeared and fired from staff. She was called crazy. She was banned from the grounds. Doc sent emails telling people not to investigate her claims or there would be consequences. I'm not joking. Bri still has this email on her computer. Quinn's defense that was believed was that her boyfriend didn't like him because Quinn had gotten him in trouble at the faire for poor performance. So, this was a conspiracy to smear him or get him fired. They were both crazy and awful people.

The original accuser seems to have just been assault, and not rape. Quinn excused this as her misunderstanding. She eventually recanted her statement after many, many years of being gaslit by Quinn and Doc.

Finally, the last thing Bri had to say was that she was upset Doc had put Emarya with Quinn to begin with, because he was fully aware of his pedophilic history. When I probed further, she said back in the days when they all worked at the

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Pennsylvania faire, Quinn had been openly infatuated with a 15 year old girl named Emily. He didn't even hide it. He was in his mid-30s at the time, and refused to accept his infatuation was in any way inappropriate.

I brought up the story Quinn told me about a girl he supposedly loved named Emily sleeping with Eric at PARF. She said, if it was the same girl, she didn't know for sure. But, if it was the same girl, she would have been of age at the time Eric was performing there, and age appropriate to Eric.

Winter 2020

Bri finally realized she had been protecting a predator for far too long. She decided as HR, she would now make an attempt to make things "right". However, she refused to do anything effective. She refused to find his accusers and ask questions out of fear of retribution from Doc. She refused to contact the media. She thought she could just prevent him from coming back on cast. I asked, well, what about crew? He has access to all the private areas of the cast. She said she had no say over that. Which I argued she would if she'd actually stand up and do what was right. Her fear of Doc prevented any of that. Doc needs to be fired. He has been aiding and abetting a pedophile for two decades. Enough.



Gene Quinn Marlin

Most of the people that needed to know already do, but since more keep asking me related questions as I bump into them I suppose a blanket announcement is in order

I will no longer be performing at renaissance festivals for the foreseeable future. I needed to walk away before I hated it completely, never to return. This is a mental and emotional health choice, and I will leave it at that. Just know that one day I may return when things are less problematic

This also goes in hand with the Rabbit Rousers. I have quietly stepped away for reasons I don't care to share. Suffice to say I am letting that dream go

The reasons for both of these decisions are also the same as why my social presence has been heavily reduced. I would rather miss many of you than hate you, and I'm already feeling rather anti social and resentful towards many. Let's not push me into full-blown Hermit

Quinn was privately talking with Doc to get him back on cast during this time. He refused to come back if Amy was on cast, and refused to come back if he had to interact with anyone, such as Anne, who believed he was a pedophile. It was determined through a few meetings that he would not be on cast for 2020. That season never came about to begin with, and so it was irrelevant.

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The reasons for both of these decisions are also the same as why my social presence has been heavily reduced. I would rather miss many of you than hate you, and I'm already feeling rather anti-social and resentful towards many. Let's not push me into full-blown Hermit mode.

Instead, I am focusing on myself and Tempy, and I have a few business ideas in the early stages (I hate market research) that require more of my time and attention. I *may* return to doing theatre, and there are some other potential gigs on the horizon. Time will tell.

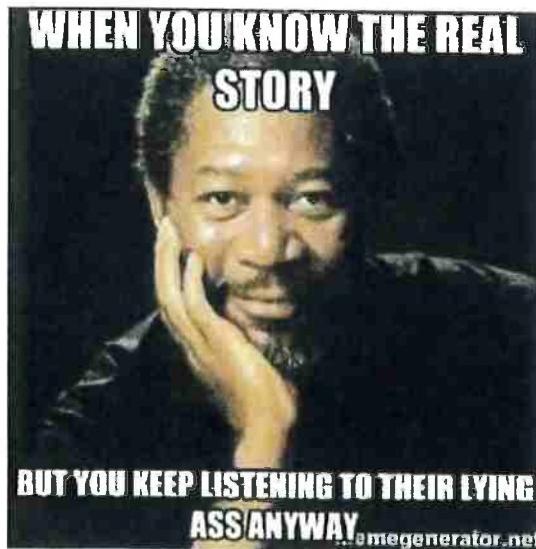
Thanks for the great moments we may have shared during my time at these events, and I hope to see you all from the other side of things at some point.

0 Cole Vecchio and 13 others

12 Comments

After finding out from Doc that they weren't going to allow him back, he posted something on Facebook pretending it was his choice. It wasn't. He had gone back and forth all through the Fall claiming it was his choice to not go back, then swing back to how much he hated not being able to perform because people refused to allow him to have a relationship with an underaged girl. Notice he skirts around the truth in his post. He'd never admit to his "fans" this is really about his pedophilia and Emarya/Amy.

My reaction to this entire thing as I read it



In Summary

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The Perpetual Victim is Actually A Criminal



Gene Quinn Harlin

Feb 12 • 6

Has it really been three years since I was IN a show, not just behind the scenes? Come on, people, let's play nice and get rid of COVID-19 so my break from Theater can end

...

He's posted something else regarding his intention to go back to performing a few months ago . I hope someone finally comes forward who has been a victim of Quinn's... to someone other than his

accomplice, Doc... and finally prevents this man from claiming any more victims. I'm genuinely scared he's going to just continue to rack up his numbers.

I know his focus when this gets out would be to discredit me by saying I'm just a vengeful, crazy ex who is making everything up because I couldn't have him. It's the only way he gets away with all of it, of course. So, I'm sure he'll say all that. I'm also sure many will believe him. Maybe some of you will also. That's okay, as I expect some people to ignore the evidence. All I know is that there is evidence this man is a criminal. A lot of it. Where there is smoke, there is fire. If he lets his guard down with you for even a moment you'll see it. He'll practically announce it! Where my mistakes lie was believing his excuses like everyone else did. He really is a great liar. It's truly a skill. I just hope one day it will actually catch up to him.

I mean, isn't it funny how all of these women, some of whom don't even know each other, are all lying about him and are all crazy? It's just a vast conspiracy to smear him and everyone is involved out of illogical vengeance. Perhaps if your argument is everyone is crazy and lying but me, that defense should be scrutinized further.



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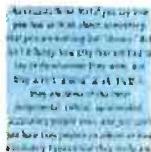
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The Narcissistic Duelist

May 22, 2021



DISCLAIMER: I'm going to say upfront that I will be posting minimal screenshots in this blog, because they are embarrassing to me. It is not because I did anything wrong that I will not outline here also, but because th...

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I Left My Heart in West Virginia

June 22, 2021



The Weekend in West Virginia You probably won't understand this post unless you've already read *The Narcissist Duelist*, and even then, I left so much of the story out for my own peace of mind (and because of my promises to...

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Honesty and Friendship Don't Mix

April 25, 2021



Introduction (I will not be naming names directly on this blog, but you are welcome to ask in my inbox and I'll tell you.) I have always had difficulty fitting in with most people. I am considered to be "brutally honest". I hav...

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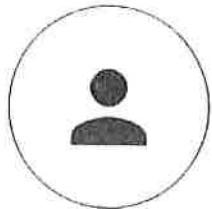
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The Perpetual Victim is Actually A Criminal



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EXHIBIT 4

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The Narcissistic Duelist

Life is Not Always Kind

The Narcissistic Duelist



May 22, 2021

Narcissists think that if you say how you feel or think about something, that you are nothing but "drama." But isn't it funny how they feel entitled to say or do whatever they want, but they aren't "drama" at all. Truth is, they are some of the most judgmental, critical, opinionated, accusatory people ever, and just can't see how they project on others or how absolutely hypocritical they really are.

DISCLAIMER:

I'm going to say upfront that I will be posting minimal screenshots in this blog, because they are embarrassing to me. It is not because I did anything wrong that I will not outline here also, but because they felt deeply personal to me, and therefore I refuse to post things that make me cringe. For my friends, I have all of the conversations that did not take place face to face with this person (about 90 percent of all communication). If you want to see more, just ask me privately. I have the entirety of our conversations sitting in my Messenger.

Overview

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The Narcissistic Duelist



I'm sure if you run into Randal Scott in the Faire circuit and ask him about me, he'll gladly tell you his opinion. That opinion is that I'm a "psycho", "petty", a terrible and disloyal friend, and completely worthless. I'll tell you the entire story of why he feels this way, and the truth of what happened in the stupid decision I made to let the man who wouldn't stop knocking at my door, finally into my life in earnest -- just for him to take everything he wanted, give nothing back, and leave me feeling like he had just left me for dead, bleeding in a ditch somewhere, alone in the wilderness.



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West Virginia - June 2019

I actually began talking to Randal on Facebook a few weeks before I came to the festival, as an obsessed fan of his, Lisa Brazzon, decided to introduce me to him. We became friends on Facebook and from that moment on, he was never out of my inbox for longer than 2 weeks at a time. Most of those two week spans were in 2019, as by 2020, he was showing up far more frequently.

He offered me comp tickets to come see him on one of the weekends, and I accepted. I spent the weekend hanging out with Lisa during the day, seeing Randal's Duelist shows and others, and ending up messaging with Randal at night.

It was made clear to me by Saturday afternoon that Lisa, although monogamously married, considered Randal to be "hers". So did her husband. Her husband had a stroke a few years earlier, and so Lisa ended up becoming an on and off caretaker for him, as he has never been the same since. Lisa's plan at the time was that when her husband Pat died, she'd marry Randal. Both of them told me this, specifically. They also both truly believed Randal to be besotted with Lisa enough to do it. I don't know why they thought that. In my view, he was giving every indication of the opposite.

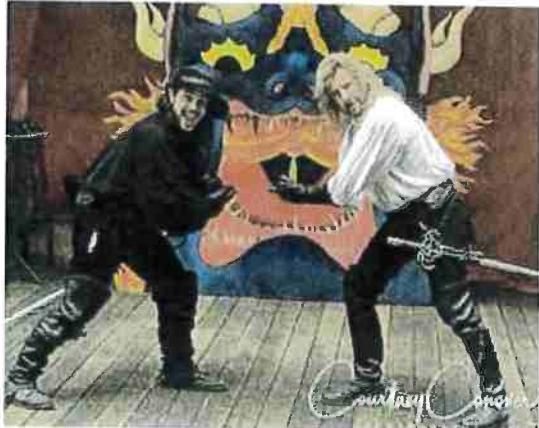
Because of this, Lisa was upset at how quickly Randal seemed to have taken to me. She became very stirred up when she found out we'd been messaging frequently. She, at that point, did everything she could to try to push me at Michael, Randal's partner. I was never interested in Michael in that way. He is attractive, objectively speaking... but he has characteristics I do not find appealing and that puts a big damper on attraction for me. I've always looked at Michael as a sibling, quite honestly. That only aggravated Lisa. I finally ended up having to lie to her about Michael to get her off my back - something I hate doing, and only do as a last resort when all other options fail.

I'm not going to go anymore into the story of Lisa, as I intend to have a blog that

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Focuses on that story by itself, but I will say this. That weekend and after allowed me to see how genuinely unstable, jealous, and obsessed she was with Randal. It disturbed me greatly. And it only got worse over that summer.



a great future in it.

I was honestly floored. At that point in my life, flattery of any kind had been so few and far between I didn't even remember the last



time anyone had said something like that to me. That I had a use. A purpose. That I was talented, or good for anything at all. I beamed with pride, and began learning how to improve from that day on. I made my Facebook photography page, and I was off to the races, so to speak.

He used so many of my photos that I took from his show that weekend that they outnumbered everyone else's photos by a landslide. Even now, for approximately a year of shows, my photos are about 90 percent of the Duelists promotional gig photos on their professional page. Randal was always the first to praise my photography, which only made me want to do it more. There was just one problem... I was taking photos for others by that time, too and noticed one difference between Randal and the other acts. That being, most other acts would tag you or mention your name or photography page if they were to post one of your photos. I have since learned that this is considered professional courtesy. As

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these photos are free from the photographer and can be used by the performer as Public Relations/Promotional Photography Because of this, the performers feel it's

only fair that the photographer gets credit for that photo being used for business promotion, as it's helping each other out equally. Randal never does this.

I cannot say "The Duelists" never do this. By that, I mean Michael. If you see a photo on their page that has any photo credit on it whatsoever, that's because Michael posted it. He, as a model/actor by profession, has a very healthy respect for photographers and wants to hand them that courtesy whenever possible Has he ever credited me? No But, in general, Michael is the one that credits When I asked Randal about this later on, he said he felt credit for a photographer was "egotistical" and it showed how it wasn't about the art in the work, but about the ego and recognition the photographer "demands to have". So, he doesn't like to credit. Well, then. This becomes incredibly important later.

The First Indicator:

That summer, fan Lisa had increased her severity in her obsessive behavior to a point where I was seeking advice from my friends. She was openly and nastily jealous of me talking to Randal. Eventually, she confirmed my fears. She sent me a message on the first week of Pittsburgh faire stating that she knew exactly why Randal was acting "strangely" toward her. She and her husband had deduced that Randal was in love with her and his behavior stemmed from being devastated that he couldn't have her. Knowing Randal better by this point, he had made me aware that he felt bad for her husband because she was clearly in love with him instead (I still do not disagree even slightly with this assertion) and he keeps trying to get her to leave him alone and pay more attention to her husband.

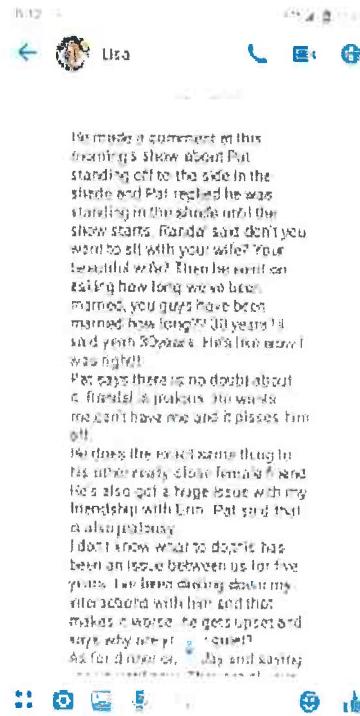
You see, Randal is unlike most Faire performers, as he is both very old-fashioned when it comes to relationships, and also monogamous. He found her behavior abhorrent, as did many others including myself.

After she said that, I genuinely became very concerned for Randal's safety going

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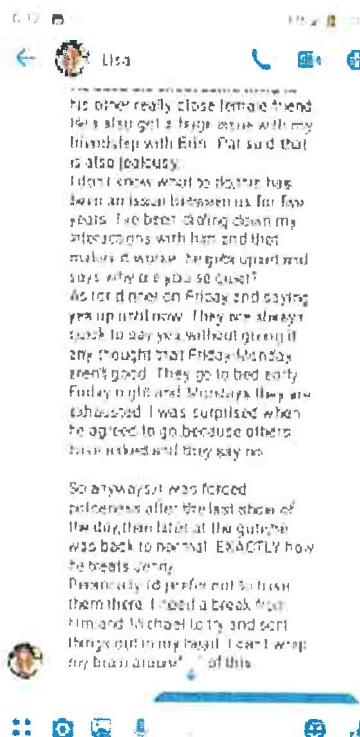
The Narcissistic Duelist

forward, she was exhibiting delusional behavior, and having been around that behavior in my past, I was well aware of how dangerous that can be for anyone who was involved in the delusion. After conferring with several friends, they all



convined me to step in and let Randal know what I knew about Lisa, so he could do what he had to in order to protect himself from any potential harm. He reacted in a way absolutely no one prepared me for:

"I don't care! You're just stirring up drama! You just can't live without all that drama can you? I'll say it one more time so you understand and I never want to hear it again. I.
DON'T. CARE."



Putting my ass on the line and fearing for his safety got that reaction, so needless to say, I didn't want to speak with him any time soon. This silence on my end elicited what would become a regular habit from him with me, "What? Are you pissy at me now or something?". As though it was my fault, and I'm the one being ridiculous.

Funny story, though. I told him that on Monday By Wednesday, he and Lisa had a full on blow up fight. Randal's assistant Ashley had posted a scathing post about Lisa and her insanity all over Facebook (come to find out later that Randal had actually written that post himself, and just had Ashley post it to her page as though it were her words to keep him from getting in trouble over it.). Lisa was so

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hysterical by that Friday, she was slobbering with tears. He had threatened to have her banned from Faires if she would not leave him alone.

So.... let's add this up, shall we? I give him the information and get yelled at for it, behaving as though it doesn't matter. Then, he turns around and uses it anyway to finally be able to get rid of Lisa. Hmm. Is that fishy to anyone but me?

It Gets Personal

That fall was when I began dating Quinn, and Randal started getting far more attached



to me as far as conversation. Prior to this, our conversations were primarily professional and friendly, but certainly not personal. He decided he wanted to get involved in my dating Quinn. He sent me many messages over the months that swung from he's terrible and you should ditch him immediately - what do you see in him? to *singsong* Courtney's got a boyfriend....

This is when he started talking to me more about our dating lives. At first, it was all about me and he'd be very vague. I finally said, no. You don't get to ask me incredibly personal questions and not reciprocate. I regret this. As he did from then on. Primarily unprovoked.

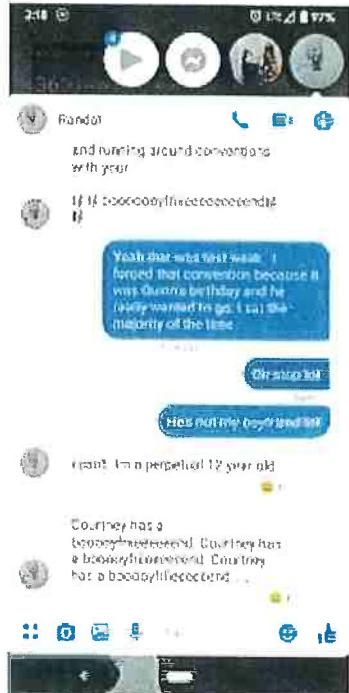
Our conversations came far more frequently that fall, going from the previous every two weeks chat to every day to a week between conversations. This infuriated Quinn, as Randal was talking to me far more than he was, and because Randal was always trying to convince me to dump him. Quinn at one point would jump off his couch and yell,

"Why the fuck does he even care? He needs to stay"

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out of it!"



I did not disagree. Bri (see her blog here), at the time, opined that Randal might have feelings for me. I dismissed this and replied that he only likes to stir the pot and cause trouble. He also genuinely hated Quinn as a person and that hadn't been a secret far before this.

Bri asked something then, and I should have remembered my answer to this going into the Spring and Summer of the following year -

"If he was, would you be interested?"



"Absolutely not. He makes me feel like shit about myself. I can be friends with him to an extent, but you can't ever be yourself because he does everything he can to let you know your opinions don't matter to him.

You can't bring up any topic he doesn't agree upon first. He's honestly horrible for a person's self esteem."

The Catalyst

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By January, the Quinn "thing" had ended, but Randal just seemed more and more interested in being in my inbox. He was performing at Brevard that month, but always took the time out to ask what I was doing and to make fun of me at every opportunity.

He asked if I was coming to Brevard to see him, and when I said I was (story in Bri's blog), he said we were definitely going to do dinner when I got there. We had never done that before, so I was taken a little aback, but I agreed.

When I got to Florida was when he dropped it on me. I schedule my Faires beforehand so I can see as many shows as possible within a full weekend time frame, which usually only leaves time for one of my favorite shows per day, at most, so I can check out everything else.

He said he wanted me to do photography for his Schoole of Defence, his new show he was being given permission to perform at Brevard and wanted to sell to other Faires. He said, in order to do that, he really needed my photos for promotion to the owners. I said I was planning on coming to one show per day and I'd do it then, sure. Unfortunately, that was unacceptable to Randal.

He said, "No. I'm going to need you to be at both shows on both days for the entire time so you can get as many photos from as many angles as possible.".

And so, because he needed me, I gave up being able to see a few acts I was really looking forward to seeing that weekend in favor of taking photos for him.

During this time, I told him I didn't expect to be paid but I would appreciate if he'd credit me so I can use this job as something for my photography experience. He didn't respond.

I became concerned about the non-response, as I was already aware of what his feelings were toward photography and credit. Although I will admittedly be paraphrasing, I'm taking these quotes directly from his own words over several different conversations regarding photography credit: "It's egotistical of the photographer. Photography is about the art, and any photographer that insists on

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credit is making it about their ego instead, which detracts from the art."

Over a few months time, this conversation was brought up twice more, to no avail. I eventually gave up discussing it with him as I felt there was no point. He'd made his decision, and I wasn't going to change it.

It Gets Even MORE Personal

During the next 6 months or so until our inevitable explosion, Randal was in my inbox all the time. I always knew what the conversation was going to be about by how he began it, as it was always, without fail, the same.

"You busy?" - The message I would get when he wanted me to do something for him regarding The Duelists that he was too lazy to do that day. Everything from questions about the shows, to opinions on other shows, to opinions on photos he shows me, to obtaining screenshots, to researching information, to asking me to edit advertisement

"Wassup?" - The indicator that he was going to talk about relationships, sex or his sex life (or should I say lack thereof) in this conversation to a point where I feel a little uncomfortable because a man who isn't interested in a woman doesn't usually do the things he was. I admit, he confused me. He had literally 100 percent of my friends convinced he wanted me by this behavior, but he never did.

I am only going to skim over these and not go into detail. Just know what I mention is already screenshotted on my phone and I have no need to scroll for it in Messenger. If you absolutely HAVE to see it, ask and I'll determine if it's okay based on your reasoning.

- I was not allowed to go without talking to him for any period of time. He never interacted with my profile, but if I skipped a day or two on his, he'd be in my inbox demanding to know why I was mad at him. Trying to separate myself from him for almost 2 weeks earned me a Randal ridiculously talking to himself in my inbox and

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accusing me of ghosting him.

- He convinced me taking sexy photos was great for self esteem and I should do it. Then, he told me I should do them naked. Then, he asked to see them so he could

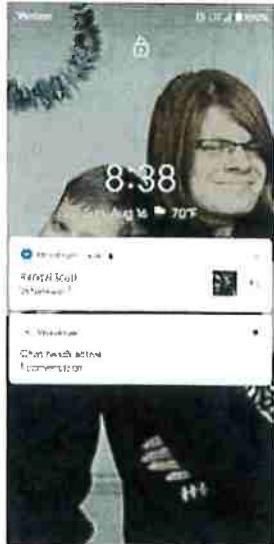


give feedback. Clearly, that was a hard core, solid as a rock NO.

- He spent several conversations telling me he needed to get laid.

- He consistently whined no one wanted him (his track record was dating only women between 18 and 25. He's 54 now. You see why that might be?). He claimed he knew no women under 50, under 300 pounds, who was into politics.

- If he'd have been in front of me I might damn near have taken his head off for that one.



- He constantly expressed jealousy over his partner, Michael, complaining how Michael got all the attention because he was the good looking one. Then would turn around and make references that Michael was a slut. I don't see how this relationship between the two of them can possibly be healthy.

- He gave a very detailed description of what he'd do with a woman at his house during quarantine. When I mentioned a meme post he made, and I was VERY clear with the word Meme, where a lot of women were offering sex to him, his response was to send me 3 photos in a row of him and an ex girlfriend (a redhead) in a professional photo shoot

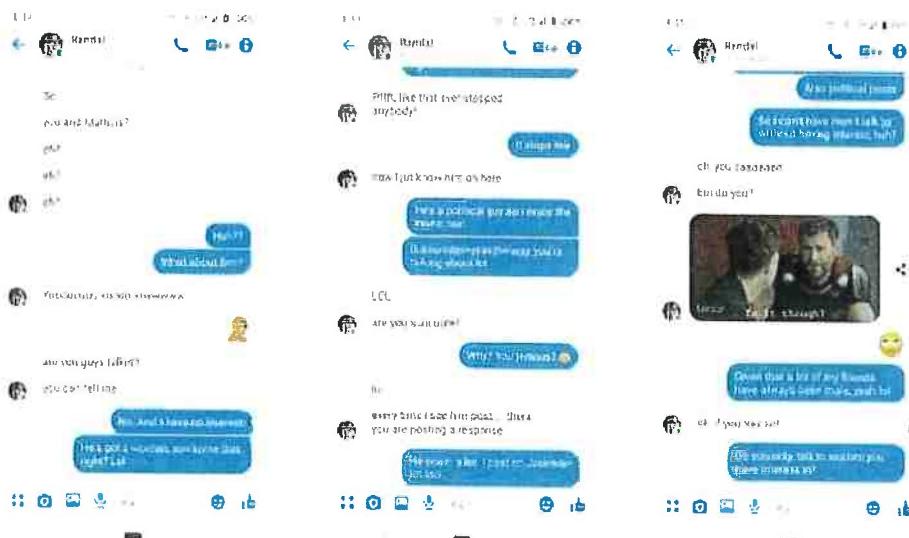
simulating sex. They were both fully naked. He said, "this post?" when he sent them. Those pictures have never been posted on his page before, are in no album (although two VERY tame ones from that shoot are). And after two, I said, "That's enough", to which he replied, "Just one more"

- I could not talk to any man or bring up any_man in conversation without him accusing me of dating or sleeping with him. He would poke and prod about every one until he was satisfied he'd annoyed me enough

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- He saw me conversing about politics with a mutual Facebook friend. (This I will post because it's not as embarrassing as the others.) He reacted like a jealous boyfriend who was still in middle school and not a 54 year old man with a platonic friend. He showed up out of nowhere asking if he and I were dating. I said no, that I enjoyed our political conversations. Besides, I was sure at the time he had a girlfriend. Did he stop? Nope. Just kept pressing. Again, I was confused and uncomfortable.



The 2nd Warning Shot

Around early spring of 2020, my friend Bri has become increasingly more delusional and obsessed with Randal's partner, Michael, that was in any way healthy. Any challenges to her delusions made her vicious, and I was beginning to become concerned for Michael, just as I had for Randal with Lisa. The problem with Bri was far worse, however, than Lisa had EVER been.

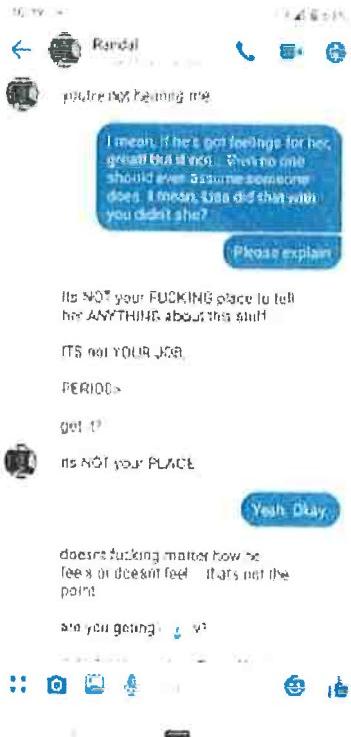
I didn't know Michael well, so I didn't feel comfortable enough telling him. He might think I was lying and double down, making it even more dangerous for him. So, instead, after again consulting numerous friends, I told Randal

Or.... at least.... I tried to tell him.

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You can see the story and evidence I have regarding Bri in this blog, as when I decided to tell him was not too long after her sending me those shrine photos.



You'd think he would have learned with Lisa, but did he? Nope. Instead, he doubled down, refused to listen, and called me the problem. Again. He cut me off from giving evidence or even details. I just got out "she's become concerningly obsessed".

This time, the fire was real hot. He says that I am so into drama, I create it. There is nothing wrong with Bri and I'm making it up. I have no right to tell Bri that Michael might not love her back and to consider that possibly, as it's "not (my) place" (no matter how much she talks about it or asks me) and how dare I say such a thing. Followed by, "She's not anything like Lisa..." before never allowing me to respond. I refused to talk to him for over a month after that.

Moral of the story: Do not try to help Randal recognize a potentially dangerous situation. He will just make it your fault instead of taking heed.

The Beginning of The End

The start of October was very different from the end. I had mouth surgery on October 3rd and major stomach reconstruction on the 14th. Between the 3rd and the 12th, he messaged me every single day asking how I was feeling and if I was getting any better. I do believe, his alternative reason for being so obnoxiously sweet and supposedly concerned was to argue politics with me.

You see, we both claim to be political leftists, not liberals. Before the election cycle, he was very much a socialist and against a proven capitalist, war-mongering Biden. But, many "Leftists" let their emotions get the better of them when dealing

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with Donald Trump and lost their damn minds in the process.

All I ever did was give fact-based and source-confirmed truths about Joe Biden's history in politics, and where he planned to go. People who were not a fan of Trump were so emotionally attached to the idea he would be more progressive that they started believing he was going to implement policies he had never backed once in his life. You can't tell someone the truth when they're swept up like that, though. They don't want the truth. They want their delusion. Turns out, I haven't yet been wrong about a single thing I said, and they were wrong about every single one.

Randal also eventually fell into this category as well and wanted to fight about it constantly. Unfortunately, after trying to engage with sources and facts he'd agreed to months earlier, he would devolve in response to calling me a Trump supporter... because he had no other argument to counter.

By my second surgery, he was being distant and snippy over the Biden thing. He still asked me to do stuff for him, but if I couldn't do it right away, it came with an attitude. He was just itching for a fight. And I would not give in.

Shenan

By the end of October, Shenan had started messaging me for the same reason Bri ever made friends with me - she knew I was connected personally to a man she wanted (in this case, Randal) and almost practically admitted she saw me as competition. I assured her I was not.

She went on crazy rants about how she loved him. Meanwhile, she was in a poly relationship at the moment and she didn't even know Randal is monogamous and would refuse a poly person, so she didn't know him well at all.

She said they only spoke about movies or books or poetry. He never talked to her about sex or his personal life (Gee. Just love being the only one there. Ugh)

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And she threw a tantrum when she found out he was simultaneously talking to me and her on messenger. I started screenshotting her insanity at that point, and began wondering where all these crazy people even come from.

She talked about how she would listen to albums about New Orleans (he currently lives about an hour outside of it) on repeat and daydream of him. Then she'd say how she knows she's too fat and ugly to turn his head in the next breath. I thought it was obviously dealing with Bri 2.0 at this stage. I began taking screenshots.

Eventually, she asked me the question that would end everything

Shenan told me Randal had asked her to revamp the Duelists website for him, since she was skilled in website development. She then asked if I had any advice for her.

I just giggled a little and snarkily said, "Well, if you don't expect to be paid or given credit for your work, I'm sure you're good!". I didn't actually expect her to take offense. After all, I'd already seen for myself by then how Randal just effortlessly wrangles free services from women. It's nothing short of a perfected talent.

She was surprisingly indignant, however.

"Of course he's going to pay me," she said. "I wouldn't do work like that without getting paid."

"Has he mentioned compensation at all to you yet, or just told you what he needed done?"

"Just what he needed done. You don't think he'd not pay me, do you?"

"Just draw up a contract with your rates and have him sign it. Cover your butt to make sure you do "

"I mean, yeah... But I'm sure he'll pay me. What did

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you mean about credit?"

Me : *Tells the story of Brevard*

"Oh wow. I don't blame you for being upset about that. He should have given you credit. That's just common courtesy!"

Soon after, she must have gone to Randal and told him everything I said. This is where the shit hits the fan.

The Apocalypse

I will admit very briefly here that over 2020 I did, in fact, fall for Randal.. regardless of my knowledge of how stupid it was and how hard I fought against it. My friends didn't help, saying his flirtation (mild comments occasionally that I have deliberately omitted and will not discuss here, but have saved) and his overall behavior showed he liked me. He didn't. I knew it the entire time. I argued with everyone they were wrong the entire time. And yet, I decided since he was already being standoffish about the Biden nonsense, I would lay it out on the table for him so he'd finally let me go, which was all I wanted at that point. He did. I'm glad I told him. I made the right decision.

6:13 100%
← Randal    

you've created a whole narrative as to what I feel or think, why I do what I do, and it couldn't possibly be more wrong. You don't ask me what I think or feel, you decide for me, an' thn you run with this reality you've created. You've created an alternative reality about what's happened and why it happened and that's what you choose to believe

I told him I had stupidly fallen for him over this period of time (I'm NOT proud of it by any means) and that I knew he didn't want me that way. He responded with a very vague and angry reply, saying I was wrong about everything I think and do, but refused to say anything to correct me. Just vague attacks instead (see above). Then he ignored me for a week.

On Halloween, I messaged him, thinking I was being funny by throwing back at

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him the thing he'd always said to me after a fight - "You still miffy?". Except, the narcissist had already moved on to his next target.



This is when he laid into me. He told me that Shenan had spoken to him. He seemed to think I said worse than I did, so I sent him screenshots to show I only said she should get a contract if she wanted to be paid and about the Brevard incident (as that was clearly no secret between us). That didn't change his tune one bit. Nothing I said did.

He called me a psycho. He said I was petty. He said I was never his friend because I wanted credit for one thing, I just pretended to be. He argued I didn't do anything for him and I "don't deserve jack shit" in regards to my photography job. He said I was making up some form of convoluted plots against him, or something of that nature.

He said I had "shit talked" him to Shenan, referring to the request for her to get a contract to be paid. He said that was shit talking, and it was the backstabbing behavior he wouldn't tolerate in a friendship. (That website never ended up being updated. My guess is that when Shenan told him what I said, he let her know he did not intend to pay her, and she dropped the gig. This would have cost him a "free" website upgrade he thought he had in the bag and was therefore entitled to. So, I can see why, to him, he'd be mad and say it was shit talking. I just lost him a manipulated freebie, the thing he's most used to.)

I knew this was done at that point. He'd told me several times before about "unstable, crazy" women who worked for him and suddenly were no longer there. Particularly, photographer Debra K. Gallagher. He always refused to say what happened, or why they were crazy. But, they were just the same. And now... now I saw it clearly.

new, im done
you're a fucking psycho
you're as bad as Lisa

So, I did what any self-respecting Jersey Girl

you are a a petty, PETTY person
who carries on and screams and

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would do after giving this person my all for so long just to be instantaneously thrown in the garbage -- I cussed his ass TF out. I cussed him

yells and plots and lies when you dont get what you want or you think you're owed something



you dont have a right to jack shit.

out GOOD. I'm sure my cursing fit at the end there, calling him every name in the book and telling him ALL about himself won't do me any favors if he just shows that and that alone to people. But, dammit... I was going to get my motherfucking dignity back. And I did. I'm not sorry I did, either.

(Conversation about Ms. Gallagher below)

Aftermath

Bri, after saying I was wrong to cuss him out and I should have known better not to say anything at all to Shenan (yes, she blamed me), finally dropped the charade she was ever my friend other than for my connection to Randal by blocking me soon after.

I told a few friends of mine what happened, and two in particular went to the Duelist page as their own act of standing up for me, and added my photo page to the comments section of the cover photo on their page that consisted of my photos from that shoot.

Randal immediately deleted the comments and went into my friend Tammy's inbox demanding to know why she'd credit me. I don't know, Randal. Perhaps it was because I took those photos....?

At that point, I'd had enough and filed a copyright claim on the photos in just the shoot I was hired for that I was upset about - the School of Defence shoot. I still have them up on my photography page, which neither Randal nor Michael can access or obtain those photos.

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I easily won my claim and the photos were taken down. I was notified Randal did not appeal the claim. He then blocked me on Facebook.



West Virginia, 7 and a Half Months Later

I have to see him again for the first time next month. I'm going to see my friends, the Reelin Rogues, perform and I am welcome to stay with them safely all day. There is just one problem. This year, they don't have a choice but to share the stage..... the secluded stage away from everyone else, high up a mountain..... with the Duelists. I will have no choice but to be face to face with him again for an

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entire weekend. I'm not going to let him ruin it for me, but I also admit, I'm terrified. Mind-numbingly terrified.



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I Left My Heart in West Virginia

June 22, 2021



The Weekend in West Virginia You probably won't understand this post unless you've already read The Narcissist Duelist , and even then, I left so much of the story out for my own peace of mind (and because of my promises to ...

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Honesty and Friendship Don't Mix

April 25, 2021



Introduction (I will not be naming names directly on this blog, but you are welcome to ask in my inbox and I'll tell you.) I have always had difficulty fitting in with most people. I am considered to be "brutally honest". I hav ...

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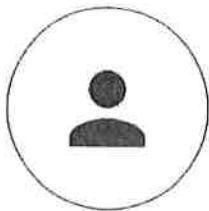
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The Narcissistic Duelist



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EXHIBIT 5

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Life is Not Always Kind

The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me



April 03, 2021

If you put as much effort
into **being** a good person
as you do **pretending** to be
a good person, you could
actually **be** a good person.

In August of 2019, I met the fourth person in the span of a few short, summer months that would be the final nail in the coffin of my socialization attempts. The other three will have their own blogs. This one is just for you, Female Machiavelli - also known as Brianna. Henceforth in this blog, she will be referred to by her preferred nickname, Bri.

The Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival

I met Bri by chance at the Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival in late August of 2019. She is a part of the royal court of the festival, and is also the entire Human Resources department of the Pittsburgh Renaissance Festival. This particular year, she was playing the villain - the Lady Eleanor.

She noticed I was alone at the faire and decided to approach me, out of character, and ask if I was okay and if I was having a good time. I explained I always go places alone. It's something I enjoy. She identified with this, and we shared a few laughs regarding our own

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introverted tendencies. As she was working, we didn't talk often, but I immediately liked that she was kind to me.

After meeting up with a friend of mine whom I had a slight crush on at the time, Quinn (he will have his own blog), I found out he knew her quite well. He encouraged the friendship and spoke highly of her. He then mentioned that, had he not quit the cast that year, he would have played her husband. As a joke, she had decided to wear an old photo of him on her outfit. She chose the story that her husband was dead, and it was implied she might have killed him. When seeing Quinn on the grounds, she would joke that she thought she was seeing the ghost of her husband. Given what little information I had at the time, and what I was being told specifically, I thought this was a cute thing to do. I would later change my mind.

I sent Bri a friend request on Facebook after that weekend and she accepted. I thanked her for being kind, and I informed her of my association with Quinn. He and I had been on a brief date at that point, and had plans to go out again. She seemed to bristle slightly at this information, but then quickly switched to excited and supportive. We didn't speak again until the following week.

She posted a friend-anniversary post on Facebook with someone I knew - the business partner of a new friend of mine, Randal (also with his own blog, coming up). His name was Michael. In this anniversary post, she was very self-deprecating. She mentioned how he was far more beautiful than she. Realistically, she was correct. Michael is a model and actor, who spends all of his time on his appearance because of his occupation. Bri, in contrast, is a morbidly obese, plain-looking woman with extreme hair loss. Regardless of reality, no one likes when others put themselves down. Certainly not Michael, who commented to the effect that beauty was in the eye of the beholder. I also took umbrage to this, and I messaged her because I thought Michael's response was adorable, and I wanted to tell her not to compare herself to a model. It isn't fair to anyone to do that to themselves.



This was the turning point. This was when she discovered I was friends with Michael. It was from this moment she began messaging me daily. In fact, her messaging was regular throughout the day, every day, for over a year. I should have seen why then. I did not.

I was planning another trip to the faire a few weeks

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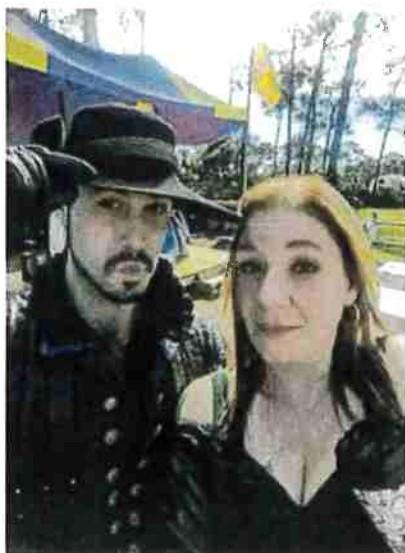
later, at the end of September. I had plans to go to dinner with Quinn, and I was going to spend the weekend at faire. She offered me her comp

tickets, which I gratefully accepted. This was the weekend I brought my famous cookies, which she notified the gate I would be bringing so they didn't stop me.

(I have a tendency to bring my home-made cookies to faires for the staff and performers. I am unhappy with the mere tip-based economy and honestly believe that we owe the performers so much more. I pay for dinners for them when I can. I cook when I have access to a kitchen. I truly believe in feeding our minstrels. They give so much to us, it's only fair to go above and beyond for them in return. So, I tip regularly, I buy their merchandise, and I bring everyone cookies/food.)

I started to see, this weekend, the extent of her crush on Michael. She spoke often of both Quinn and Michael. She informed me that she had known Quinn for 15 years at that point, and had been in love with him for no less than five of those years. She said she had, in her words, finally come to accept Quinn would never be attracted to her and would only see her as a sister, and she was now okay with that (I found out later, she was not)

This was the weekend I started to see a little backlash from Michael himself. As I said, I already knew Michael. We had spent some time together before I met Bri, and he was the business partner of my friend, Randal. He was someone I was very familiar with, and he was familiar with me.



Let me back up....

Bri was crushing on him so much, that I sent him a private message on Facebook. I said to him that if he wasn't currently dating someone, that Bri was interested and I think it would be great if he was kind to her. He never responded to my message, but he DID begin speaking to Bri regularly. Bri mentioned he was conversing with her at faire now "out of the blue" and she was thrilled. I had to admit to her that I had sent that message. I wish now that I hadn't. I'll explain why...

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Let's get back to the backlash. Michael was aware I was single due to a conversation we'd had previously. I was aware he was usually off and on with his girlfriend of a decade. Other than that, I didn't know much more. Michael is very, very secretive about his personal life, and while at faire, he is in character (usually). He plays a very smooth-talking swashbuckler, Sir Michael. A man who flirts endlessly with every woman and smooth talks her into submission. It's his job. He also means none of it. He can flirt hot and heavy with you and never speak to you again. It's an act. I've seen him do it. I was in a rare category where I never got "Sir Michael" for myself (thank goodness). He never pretended to be anything but who he really was - a quiet and awkward guy. He never even attempted Sir Michael flirting with me. I still wonder why that was to this day.... But, I'll probably never know.

So, I went to his show with Randal. After, when I was speaking to Randal (and a few fans were milling around), Michael approached me and noticed a very large man behind me. The stranger was at least 6'2 and easily 350 pounds, if not more.

Michael looked at me and said, "Hey, why don't you go date that guy? He seems nice. I'm sure you'll be happy together."

I wish I would have seen it then for what it was. I see it now. He was mad I was trying to set him up with Bri. I understood he had an obsession with healthy lifestyles, but I didn't know if he was like that with his dates as well as himself (I was fully aware Randal would never date anyone overweight at that point, for the same reasons). I just found out in that moment.

Michael has never been one for directness, and neither has Randal, for that matter. They both seem to favor a manner of speaking that implies something, without actually saying it flat out. Then, they both get upset if you don't get the hint. Their communication style can be frustrating.

At this point, I began questioning my support of Bri in her endeavor to win over Michael. I began to see it as a losing battle, and I didn't want my new friend to get hurt. But, I also wasn't certain of anything. I just suspected. Things only escalated from here.

Dinner with the Duelists

That week, Randal and Michael were hosting a "fan" dinner for their act at the local Dave and Buster's. It would be dinner and games, and they hang out with fans (something they very, very rarely do - they are very private and stay to themselves most of the time). I

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planned on going, and Bri decided she needed to go so she could hang out with Michael "outside of faire". She also began talking about how she could finally get to know him and perhaps get a selfie with him, something she always wanted.

Bri bought a new dress for the occasion and made her work week incredibly difficult on her. You see, I was self-employed. I made my own schedule at work, so I could take off that day to drive out to Pittsburgh (5 hours for me), stay overnight, and head home with zero disruption. Bri had an office job 3 hours away in Lancaster. She could not take time off. So, she had to leave directly from work, drive the 3 hours, and then drive straight home at midnight. She got home that night at approximately 3:30 a.m., only having a few hours to sleep before having to be back at work at 8 a.m.

I found out when I got there, second-hand, that Randal had intended me to be the photographer for the event. I had been taking photos for him before this, but I was not told ahead of time I would be expected to walk around and take photos for him to share on his Facebook business page. I didn't mind at the time. Now, it's just another red flag adding up.

Bri was very anxious the entire night. We sat with Randal's assistant, Ashley, whom Bri had already known for several years at that point. Bri spent the first hour fretting about her appearance and what she should order. She didn't want Michael to see her as "a fat pig eating slop". She asked me what she should order to "make a good impression". I told her to stop worrying about what Michael might think and get what she wants. She said if she did that, he'd consider her nothing less than "a fat pig and not a human". I had no idea how to respond to her, so I looked at the menu with her and pointed out a few options of what would be healthy. She rejected them all, and went with the chicken caesar salad. When I explained that actually had far more fat than the burger and fries, she laughed and scoffed and said "It's a salad!" I knew at that point she was genuinely in need of nutritional counseling. This came to light more obviously later on.

During dinner, they both ignored our table for the most part, and interacted with all the fans. They sat with them and mingled and took photos. Bri slowly began to boil. She started complaining Michael wasn't talking to her and she didn't know why she bothered coming. I told her it was his job to mingle with all the fans and she needed to take a breath and relax. She agreed. But, then kicked me hard under the table when she saw a local fan was, in her words, "assaulting" Michael. This was a fan that was highly disliked by Bri - her name is Candiegh. In Bri's defense, I don't like her either. It is due to the fact that she is entirely too sexually aggressive with cast and independents. She puts her hands all over them without

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asking she is not a healing person, by any means. I looked up to see Candiegh with her hands on Michael's chest and her leg up on him for a photo

In Candiegh's defense, she has never been told by these men her behavior was inappropriate. They say this behind her back and to others, and how uncomfortable she has made them feel - but they never tell her.

This was enough to get Bri's anger levels to rise again. She starts calling Candiegh names such as "bitch" and "whore". She picks up her steak knife from the table and says she wants to go over there to her with it. I ask her to breathe and calm down.

Things only escalated from here. Michael finally got his food, a kale salad with vegetables. He was doing several nude photo shoots that week, and so he was being extremely strict with his intake. He looked pale and sickly, honestly. But, the industry standard, as he always argued, demands it.

He made the mistake of grabbing his food and taking a place next to me to eat. He began talking to me about the short horror film he had just wrapped that spring that he knew I was interested in. Bri was very, very quiet. She attempted to talk to him a few times (she was sitting on the other side of me), but it never lasted beyond a sentence or two. He also interacted quite a bit with a man on his other side, discussing art. Bri was stewing.

When Michael left, she said she needed to take a walk. I followed her. She headed for the bathroom. Randal saw us rushing off there and made a snarky comment asking if we were going to go make out in the bathroom. Bri, in her angry state, turned her head to him and said, "You only wish you could join us", prompting a huge smile from Randal, along with a sparkle he gets when people challenge him. She was well aware of his reaction.

As we got to the bathroom, I had to hear how Michael was ignoring her. How he "had the nerve" to sit next to me for dinner. How "it's so sad that only Randal is showing any interest in (her) even being there". I could already tell Michael was just not feeling particularly sociable that night. I assumed based on his grueling schedule that week and practical starvation (he really did look ill/pale), that the reason was work. I spent the time trying to calm Bri and letting her know it likely wasn't personal... that it was just work related. And he didn't seem particularly social to anyone. She countered that he spoke to me. I said, he was used to me and he needed somewhere to eat, and I had a free seat next to me. I told her it wasn't personal. She finally relaxed.

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I left Michael alone most of the night, as he was seeming to be hiding from people as best as he could. Randal, on the other hand, always had a crowd around him. I began taking whatever photos I could. I knew, and Michael knew, I needed photos of him also. So, when I did find him, he was always super gracious and posed for me and smiled. I made sure to give him space between photos and not push. Bri, however, really tried starting conversations.



Michael seemed to get himself into trouble here. According to Bri, during the conversation, he began discussing his "space penis" and inferred oral sex on her for her birthday (I did not witness this conversation, so I cannot confirm anything she said). She mentioned Michael seemed very nervous and uncomfortable and was stammering quite a bit. I've seen Michael behave this way, also, so I didn't think anything of it. He even called my peanut butter cookies, "penis" butter cookies at one point lol. I chalked it up to him just being awkward. Bri took it as him flirting and being interested. Which led to . . .

Michael finally emerged to take some selfies with fans. I thought this was a great opportunity for Bri to get the picture she wanted. She began to stomp her feet and pace.

"I don't want a fan photo. I'm not like these stupid, obsessed bitches. I want a photo of us. As friends. As more. I am not a fan!"

This is when I really started to get concerned for her sanity. She was pacing and huffing with her breath. She looked at the person getting a selfie and proclaimed,

"Look at that cute little thin bitch getting her stupid fan selfie. Fucking whore. What a bitch. I'm about to cut a bitch if she doesn't step away from him."

I'd had enough at this point as she was getting loud and people began to notice. I escorted her out to the bar area to calm her down. A random woman noticed her tantrum, and came up to us. This random woman looked right at Bri and said, "Forget him. Men ain't shit." and walked away... knowing absolutely no context whatsoever. So, you can imagine how Bri was

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physically reacting to get a stranger to do that.

I honestly didn't know what to say at this point. I felt like running for my life. But, I was really and truly hoping this was a strange anomaly and I could logically talk her down. This was the first real sign I had of how truly unstable this woman really was, and I should not have tried further. I should have immediately walked away in that moment and never spoken to her again. But, I was stupidly trying to be a good friend and hoped this was a one-and-done. I was dead wrong.

I was able to calm her briefly, but only so. Ashley, the assistant to Randal, increased the tension again later. Bri was unaware of how obvious she was being in regards to her obsession with Michael, but everyone was beginning to notice, even though they didn't hear her words the way I did. Her body language that night was enough.



Ashley approached us and asked where I was staying that night, as it lasted until midnight. I said I had gotten a hotel nearby and would be staying there, and leaving in the morning. When Ashley asked Bri, Bri said her intention was to drive home at midnight, as she had to be at work by 8. This is when Ashley did the thing she should have never done. She made a bad joke. And Bri thought she was serious

Ashley said, "You know, you and Michael could just take Courtney's hotel room. Courtney can come back to our place with me and stay with me. She wouldn't want to stay in the room with Randal because she'd be in trouble."

I laughed and rolled my eyes, knowing she was kidding. Bri took this as the indicator she had a shot with Michael. She immediately said her friend Ann was on standby to give her hotel points in order to get a room for her and Michael should the need arise. This made Ashley stop and her head spin backward. Bri followed up by asking if she thought it was possible. I don't remember what Ashley said in reply, to be very honest. I know whatever it was satisfied Bri and she walked away. Ashley then said to me, "Oh, that's never gonna happen" I replied, "I think you just made her think it would"

That's exactly what happened. Bri just got more emotional that night and more anxious

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Since the rest of the evening ended up revolving mostly around me, Briana, Ashley, and Quinn.. I'll leave that for another blog. Just know, getting her to leave calmly was not easy. She was now convinced Michael was secretly in love with her and was scared to tell her (I have no idea where she extrapolated this). Knowing only what Ashley said, and observing Michael, I had doubts. But, I was hopeful for her regardless. I just did what I could to try to calm her off the love ledge, so to speak.

The Final Pittsburgh Faire Week

I messaged Michael that week and thanked him for being so kind to her. My intent was to say, hey... you can stop, thanks lol. It's a bit out of control. Apparently, he read this differently because then Michael made another huge mistake a few hours after reading my message..

He bought her a flower. And he didn't just buy her a flower. He bought her a flower, made a big to-do about traveling through the crowd of cast members to give it to her, in front of everyone... and said he was trying to impress her. If he wasn't interested in her in that way, this was the world's worst decision for him.

Now, she "knew" he loved her. He was in love and nothing was going to change her mind on that, she said repeatedly. This was clearly the catalyst for Ashley to step in and try to stop the runaway train she helped start.

Ashley pulled her aside and let her know Michael was with his long-time girlfriend, Syd, and they were planning on moving in together in Colorado that very November. That he puts on an act of flirtation with faire girls but doesn't mean it (I'd already told her this, but she ignored me and said I was lying to her). And that she should stop her infatuation.

Ashley now became the target for her rage. While I agree Ashley actually made things worse to begin with, and never should have encouraged her behavior, she did try to stand up and stop it. Unfortunately, it was too little, too late. Now, Bri was convinced Michael was actually very unhappy with his girlfriend, was in love with her, and wanted her to rescue him from it. This woman has seen one too many rom coms.

She blamed Ashley. She blamed Syd. She blamed Colorado. She even went as far as to explain she needed to social media vent, and she couldn't do so where Michael followed her (Instagram and Facebook), so she'd eventually vent on Twitter where he wouldn't see it. Then sent me the screen shot (a few weeks after these events).

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Her next decision was to write him an old-fashioned letter, on the most beautiful stationery she could find, professing her feelings. She wanted to buy him a gift and profess her love. Over the course of the week, with lots of prodding from me, we worked this plan of hers down to a small token instead of something expensive for the gift, and merely making an offer of her love without expectation on his part.



She told him she knew he wasn't free, but she'd have him if he ever was. She complimented his personality and passions, and she gave him a small Star Wars keychain. She had her friend Bethany deliver the message and waited several days for his reply. When he finally did, you'd think this would have been enough for her to understand she was being rejected. The only mention of the letter she wrote to him was, "that's lovely stationery".

The acknowledgment in itself was enough for her to continue her hope. She would talk to me about him every day. I was casually dating Quinn at the time, so she regularly wanted to discuss both men.

The Fall of 2019

Despite her protestations, I could tell she was upset over me dating Quinn. Mostly because he had never dated her. All of her commentary regarding it said she found it completely unfair that he would date me and not her. She mentioned once in October that I was not more attractive than she was, just thinner. Every time I said anything we did, she would reply with, "He never did that with me". Every. Time.

Me: - "He invited me in and gave me a tour of the house." (First date)

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Her: "He never does that. I don't think I saw his place for months." ;

Me: "He told me (insert past history)..."

Her: "He never told me that!"/ "It took him years to tell me that!";

Me: "He kissed me!"

Her: "Well, you got further than I ever did."

These were her instant reactions to each scenario. She would follow up with how she knew she was supposed to react. But, it was too late

Telling Quinn these things angered him tremendously and he began opening up to me about parts of their friendship that always upset him. He said I shouldn't trust her, as she doesn't understand anything but fighting for what she wants, and she doesn't care about collateral damage.

He described her idea of love as "Like a math equation - she thinks if she adds certain words, actions, and behaviors to an equation, that means that person will love her. She doesn't understand love isn't transactional."

He admitted he was fully aware that she was in love with him for a very long time, but that he had assumed she was over it by now. He said her reaction to his dating me showed him that wasn't true. This was when he said a few things regarding the character she played that year at faire, and why it was done. This is disputed, reasonably, by Brit. So, I will wait to discuss it until Quinn's blog

Eventually, that relationship crashed and burned like Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined. This led to the sole focus of hers retreating back to Michael

She had never had Michael's attention, although she assumed she did. If they spoke at all, it

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was because she messaged him on Facebook Messenger first. He had only reached out to her on his own all of once, and it was regarding work. Every conversation they ever had was begun by her. Had she stopped messaging him, she'd never hear from him again. She fully admitted this, including saying that was exactly how it was the year before. She realized then that he wasn't interested in that way, and finally gave up. She says now is different, since he gave her that flower.

She had even built a "shrine" in her apartment of him. Now, I fully admit that the word "shrine" is my own, and also an exaggeration as it doesn't actually include an altar, or is in one specific room. Instead, she had downloaded several photos from his Facebook she just so happened to like. She'd then frame them or hang them on her walls. She even had a framed photo of him on her desk. She admitted when she had friends over (Bethany and Sabrina, specifically), she hid the photos before they arrived. So, even though she was comfortable sharing them all with me, she must have realized it was creepy on some level.

(I added these so you could see she took these herself, and sent them to me. These are the screenshots I took, simply because I was immediately creeped out at this behavior. My alarm bells were blaring.)

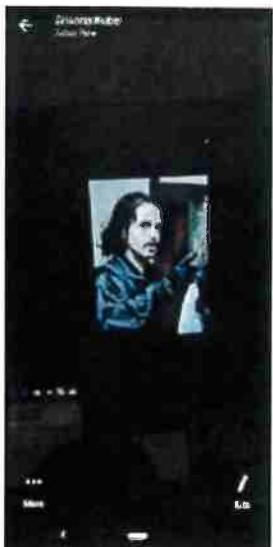


This is a framed photo on her work desk. This was the first photo she framed, following the flower gift. The flower I've mentioned is also in the photo.

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Taking a picture to show me how she is printing out photos to put up in her house



Her laptop screen, cutting off his business partner, Randal (cropped photo)



The wall in her den

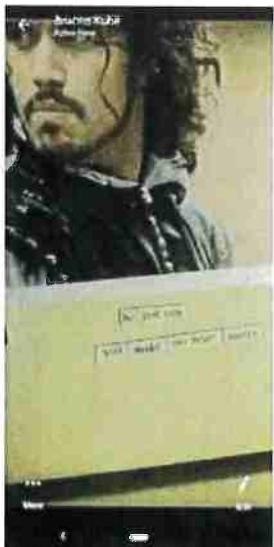
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Her refrigerator

(The photo beneath is a close up, showing doctored quotes he had said to her previously)



Her nightstand, next to her bed

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Is this a shrine?

In October of that year, she decided to move to Pittsburgh so she wouldn't have to stay with the Entertainment Director she didn't like and drive so much during faire season (especially with the cost of those tolls on the Pennsylvania Turnpike!) This was very reasonable.

What wasn't reasonable was her location, housing objective, and motive. She had found out Michael stayed near a certain area in Northern Pittsburgh when faire time came around (She excused her location choice by also noting her friends, the Menendezes, lived nearby as well)

What else wasn't reasonable was a single woman with two cats demanding a large, 3 bedroom apartment/house. She told other people it was for "guests". In reality, she needed only two total bedrooms for when her mother came to stay So, why was she insistent on 3? If you guessed so she could convince Michael and Randal to stay with her instead, you'd be correct! She even took a place \$100 above her price range in order to do so, regardless of the fact that she took a significant pay cut when changing jobs.

Because of all this, I'd asked her a few times to consider other options besides him being madly in love with her for his behavior. As she admits, he'd never speak to her if she didn't "chase him down" to do so.

She was highly upset that Randal was always reaching out to me to chat. I didn't ever go to him, and frankly, I wasn't thrilled with him talking to me as often as he was at the time. But, his behavior incited her jealousy, as that's the behavior she wanted from Michael and did not have, and it was also something she knew was standing in her way of her illusion Michael was in love with her. Because, if he was, why would he always ignore her?

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At this point, if I dared suggest he was not in love with her, but perhaps could merely appreciate her as a friend, she immediately screamed at me.



The backlash always consisted of, "Yes! I know! Bri is just stupid and gullible and fat! I'm just too stupid to realize he doesn't love me!! Because I'm completely naïve and incapable of being around men! Can't you ever be supportive and agree with me? Why do you have to tell me these awful things?" (Awful things being "perhaps you should also consider other possibilities")

Obviously, this always made me feel terrible. I felt like maybe I should be more supportive. Maybe I should just let her believe whatever she wanted, regardless of my deep gut feeling that she was only going to end up wasting more of her life, and being hurt even more. This guilty

feeling led to the biggest mistake of my life.

Brevard Renaissance Fair - January 2020

By the end of November in the fall, my conversations with Randal had only increased. He'd become fascinated (and annoyed) by my relationship with Quinn and had swerved into a far more personal friendship than had existed previously. He mentioned they would be performing in Florida at the Brevard Renaissance Fair and asked if I would be going. I said I highly doubted it, as it was almost Christmas and I was focusing on spending my money there. I said I'd likely see him again in West Virginia the following summer.

When I mentioned this to Bri, she immediately said she would pay for the both of us to go, and I needed to go. She wouldn't take no for an answer. I said I was not capable of paying for it, and although I wanted to go, I wasn't comfortable with her covering the costs. I doubled down on this when she came at me with this gem...

"You're invited. R specifically invited you. So, if you go, I can tag along and see Michael again without being seen as"

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the psycho stalker

I was conflicted. I felt uncomfortable since I knew she was going to use me to get to Michael... and she was being quite honest about it. I also knew her chances of succeeding would be minimal, thus leading to her being angry the entire weekend. However, I also had been repeatedly hit with the "you're a bad friend" stick in regards to this very thing, so I acquiesced, on the condition that I would pay her every single cent back when my tax return arrived in February. And I did exactly that.

Three weeks before our trip, Randal messaged me to inform me he expected us to go to dinner with him and Michael while we were there. It wasn't a request, but an expectation. I was a bit floored since I hadn't been out with him privately before, but did understand our friendship had seemed to grow more personal. So, I agreed to it. This was where the problems began.

Bri was immediately angry he had not directly asked her to dinner. She said,

"Oh, I get it. I'm just the tag-along no one wants there. I'm only invited by proxy. He wants you there, not me."

I assured her that he had said both of us, and in no way made it sound as though I was the only one wanted. I mentioned that we spoke regularly and they did not, so it was logical he'd come to me about it. She refused to back down and spent the next three weeks cycling between

"I need to buy a new outfit because I'm finally going to see Michael off the faire grounds! Maybe I'll get laid!" and "I'm not even wanted there anyway. I'm just the psycho stalker who is begrudgingly invited because I have to be. He doesn't want to hurt the feelings of the only person who stands up for him at Pittsburgh. But, he doesn't want me there."

Eventually, she told me that back during the Pittsburgh faire, she had asked Michael to hang out, perhaps for coffee, and he'd declined. She said the only reason she was getting this chance now was because of my friendship with Randal and that upset her. I, again, started to feel sorry for her and chose to ignore the warning signs.

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The Weekend of Faire

Randal had been very ill the few weeks leading up to the faire. He had been suffering from a severe bout of the Flu and Bronchitis (now I wonder if it might have actually been Covid). He was going to be unable to go out to dinner until Sunday or hang out most of the weekend. I was asked to perform a photo shoot for the Duelists while I was there that weekend, which I'll go into more detail in with Randal's blog, and we figured we'd go to dinner Sunday.

Saturday, Bri wanted to spend as much time with Michael as humanly possible, and was not happy I had an entire schedule keeping us away from them the majority of the time. She would occasionally sigh and say,

"I know it's for the best, so he doesn't see me as that crazy ass stalker and all, but I hate it"

(For the record, right now. Never once, not once, had I ever referred to her, or even implied she was crazy or a stalker. This all came entirely from her and her alone.)

I had injured my ankle six weeks before, while at her home doing a photo shoot for her as a favor. I tore two ligaments almost clean through in my ankle and had to be in a boot for six months. I had just been given clearance to go on the trip, but had to be very careful. Randal knew about the injury, as we spoke regularly. Michael, however, did not.

He spent the better part of a day seemingly trying to talk to me alone. That was not going to happen with Bri around. If she wasn't already by his side, she'd run there the moment he came anywhere near me. Very briefly, she was talking to Randal about something, and Michael took that time to ask what had happened to my leg. I had told him before, in front of Bri, but clearly he wanted more.

He said, "Tell me what happened to your leg. No bullshit."

I told him what I had said before. I stepped from the fourth step to her landing and snapped my ligaments. He asked why I had done that. I told him we were doing a photo shoot. He pressed further. I said that she kept asking me to go higher for the angle and I got frustrated after awhile, as she was still unhappy with it. He got a hint of recognition on his face, as a model after all, and said "Ah, her chin."

11/4/21, 12:04 PM

The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Wasn't it at that very moment that Bri had noticed Michael was talking to me without her and ran from Randal as fast as she could? She was having breathing trouble when she

arrived, her speed was so quick. All she heard was Michael say "chin" and all hell then broke loose

"Why would you tell him about my biggest insecurity? How could you?!"

"I didn't! He asked me about what happened to my leg and I told him!"

"You didn't have to bring up my chin!"

"All I said was I was that you asked me to get the higher angle!"

"You didn't have to say anything at ALL!"

"You want me to lie? I don't do that."

"No... but you could have said nothing. You're a terrible friend for doing this to me!"

Obviously, I had not seen it that way. I thought I was protecting that part the best I could while still being honest with someone who was absolutely not accepting my vague responses.

The rest of the weekend was painful, at best. She repeatedly jabbed at my friendship. She insisted on going to the Tarot reader who told her she had a shot with Michael, and so, she told me it must be true. The night of dinner, before we left, we found out that Randal had never even told Michael we had all planned dinner. He was going to tell him after they got back to the hotel, which raised my suspicions highly. I mean, why would he set this up with me for weeks but never mention it to Michael?

With this knowledge in hand, we were leaving the festival at the end of the day. Michael made no attempt to say goodbye, which upset Bri. As now she knew he thought we were leaving and he assumed he would not see her after that, and he didn't say goodbye. Where was he? Flirting ridiculously with a thin, young brunette. She was red with rage by the time we got to the car.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

I no longer wanted to go to dinner after that. Her behavior was scaring me and all I wanted to do was go to sleep, rest my injured ankle, and go home. I mentioned, as we were getting ready, how I really didn't want to go. She said, and I'm admittedly paraphrasing here,

"If you don't go, I can't go. I was never invited, you were. They don't want me. Just you. I can't just show up there alone. You've been a bad enough friend this weekend. You're going to make up for it now. And if I somehow convince Michael to sleep with me, you're staying with Randal. No arguments."

Obviously, I agreed. She made me feel far too guilty, and honestly, I was afraid I wouldn't wake up in the morning if I was the reason she couldn't see Michael that night. So, Randal set up the place and time and we all went.

Michael gave me his seat as we waited, as I was injured, and said to me that he was surprised as he had not known we were going out. He said Randal waited until he was out of the shower before telling him they were leaving (Michael's hair was still wet). I am still, honestly, baffled by this. As this was a pre-planned event for everyone but Michael.

Dinner primarily consisted of Randal asking about Pittsburgh faire drama (as several things were in motion regarding Quinn at that time), and Bri was sharing about her distaste for the Entertainment Director and how she is treated. She shared a tale about how he had come into a room she was in and said, "So are we going to discuss the elephant in the room?", pointed at Bri, and laughed. We did have some funnier moments, with the guys making sexual references in regards to the glazed honey biscuits on the table, and Michael grabbing my food to encourage me to eat more (I had gastric sleeve surgery, so I eat minimally. He was unaware of that.)

Bri was disappointed, but no longer angry it seemed. Until we arrived back to the hotel and she said she might as well have not been there as she was completely ignored and I got "all the attention". I corrected her by saying it was actually she and Randal who had carried out the bulk of the conversation that night. I was too tired, so I was sleepy and snarky, definitely not at my best. Michael contributed an airport/car rental story, but otherwise, it was mostly Bri and Randal controlling the conversation.

She responded with, "I don't care about Randal! Michael barely spoke to me all night, but he sure could play with your food, couldn't he?"

This continued well into the next day, with her bringing up everything I did "wrong" the entire flight home. I knew this was the turning point.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Spring 2020

We were now in our respective states, and the Covid times had begun. Michael finally moved to Colorado with Syd, and Bri was still relentlessly trying to win him over. Bri was never a political person, or one for charity/volunteerism, for that matter. She is someone who is a romantic, obsessed with witchcraft, old music/movies, and acting. She had barely posted anything off of those topics before. Covid struck, and she had an epiphany.

After all, she'd already been posting memes that she wanted Michael to see on her Facebook page. Messages to him, really. He had been flatly ignoring everything she had posted for months at this point. She'd see him give heart reacts to a sweet young lady who works on the Pittsburgh cast named Layne. She became very obsessed with Layne, calling her a "little whore" or a "fucking bitch" or saying she was going to "throw her off a cliff if she keeps it up". This was followed by vitriol toward another cast member named Lily, who had graciously lent Bri her corsets for the Florida trip. Lily was a "stupid whore", according to Bri. This was primarily because Bri said Lily was a flirt who would sleep around with a lot of men, and her polyamory was pointed out. Bri clearly felt threatened by these women who she was kind to in person, but downright vicious to behind their back. All of this simply because Michael posted a comment on their pages or liked their photos. That's it.

Gods forbid you question it, though. You can't mention that they had been nothing but kind to her and it wasn't fair to them that she was taking out her insecurity on them. She would retort with me being a bad, unsupportive friend. I'm supposed to let her "vent". I didn't see that as venting.

Her meme posting became more deliberate the longer Michael ignored her online. She'd study what he was posting, and what mattered most to him, and then she'd post her own variant of that, regardless of the fact that she knew virtually nothing about it nor cared. It was just to see if she could get him to "acknowledge (she) exists".

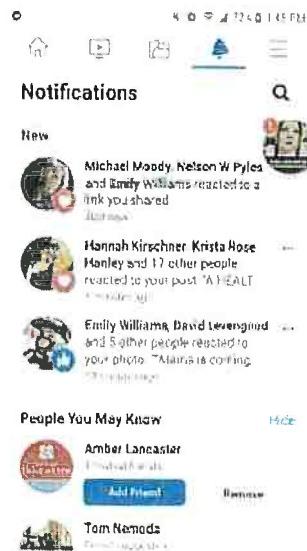
Approximately once every two months, Michael would heart a status of hers, and she'd scream in glee. She'd take a screenshot as proof and send it to me, and was now enforced that she should continue her charade, as even minimally, she considered it to be "working". Until it wasn't...

May 2020

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

The beginning of the end. This was the month everything hit the fan. By mid-month, Michael had started ignoring her messages again. I say again because she had informed me



repeatedly of this pattern of his. Where he would stop opening her messages or replying. This would last for weeks or even months. She told me that this time was different, though. They'd grown closer over the last few months. He'd Facetimed with her. They talked frequently (although she still admitted this was primarily because of her messaging him, and not vice versa). And she was wholly convinced he was just busy and not ignoring her in the slightest. After all, in her own words...

"He's got feelings for me. It may not be love, but I'm certain of it. He has feelings. And nothing you say or do can convince me otherwise. We're going to be together when he realizes I'm better than The STD" (her disgusting nickname for Syd).

It had been two weeks since she'd sent that last message and he hadn't opened it. I was, honestly, concerned for her overall mental health at this point and didn't want her to go too far with her obsession. The last thing she needed was to go even further and eventually face consequences, legal or otherwise, for her Erotomania Disorder. I wanted to help her desperately. I'd seen this behavior before in a cousin of mine, and it only leads to one place.

Regrettably, I felt I had no choice but to become the villain. I still hate myself every single day for doing this and I'll never really forgive myself. You don't need to chide me, because I have done so to myself every day since.

I messaged Michael to ask how he was doing (something I did anyway every few months, so it wasn't unusual). Within all of 10 minutes, he'd opened the message and replied to me. I carefully asked Bri if he had opened her message yet.

"No. Not Yet. Why?"

And I sent her the screenshot, with the time stamp

She replied, "So. He is just ignoring me on purpose. Thanks for making me feel

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me
stupid. You're a horrible friend."

I knew that would happen, but honestly, it was getting dangerous. She had already gone off the rails with manufacturing a personality to get him to reply to her posts, demonizing supposed friends, and attacking his girlfriend... even if I was wrong to this, it finally got through to her that he may not be in love with her after all.

(Follow up - Between that time and November when we finally stopped communicating, he had never opened that message, nor messaged her back. But, she had also stopped trying Proving my consistent theory that if she stopped messaging him, he would disappear. That's not him loving her, that's her stalking and pressuring him.)

June 2020

By June, she'd shifted into the "I know he doesn't love me, but I will change his mind" phase. I wouldn't doubt one bit if she was still in it.

Randal decided to sell Duelists merchandise at a discount in order to make more money for the both of them, as Covid had caused their primary faire income to be canceled. Both she and I bought merchandise. Both she and I posted selfies with the hashtags associated with the Duelists. I had previously shared their link regarding the sale, which she had not.

I still have absolutely no idea what the reason was for this, but although both guys were tagged in both photos, only mine was acknowledged by Randal. I received these messages in my inbox immediately

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

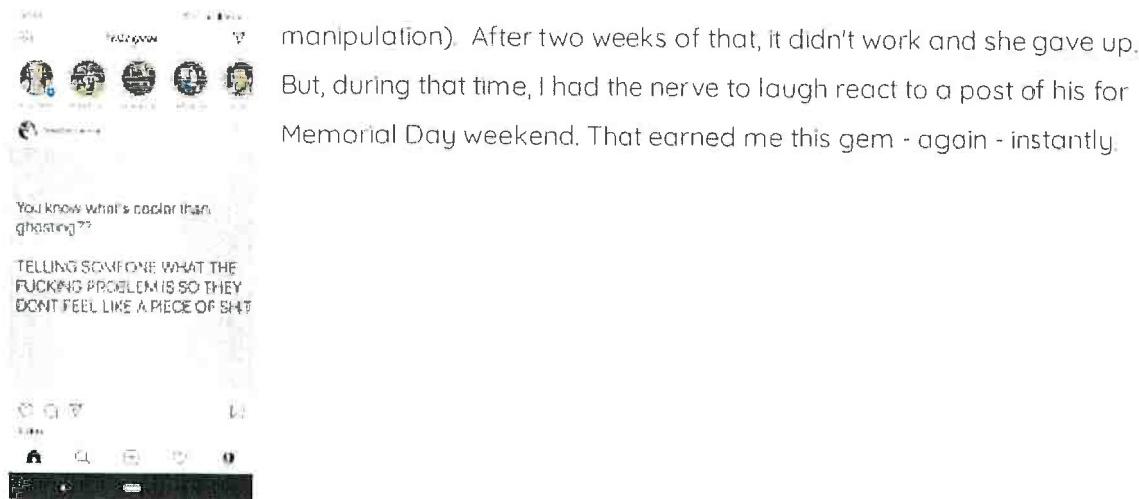


This was not the first time she had showed up in my inbox, yelling about something I had posted. After the issue with Michael, I believed both he and she had equal blame in her heartache. I felt she had gotten too needlessly attached and thought things were happening that were not, and that was on her. But, I also felt that Michael should have been straight with her and told her that he wasn't interested instead of being super nice and then ghosting her. That was on him completely. None of this would have occurred if he had just been straightforward and honest with her from the beginning.

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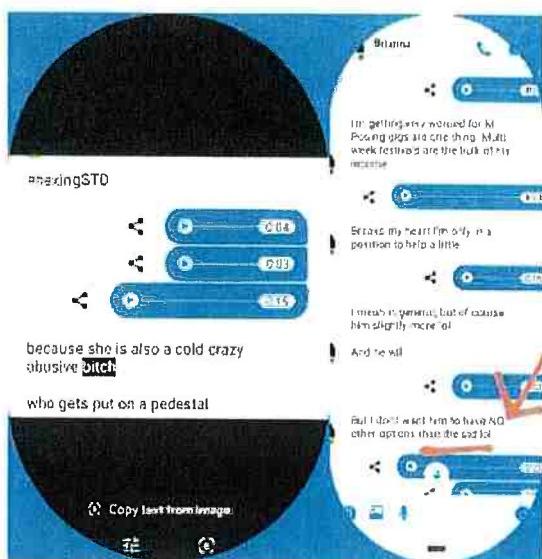
The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

According to her, we must take sides, I assume. Because at first, she chose to ignore his posts completely in order to see if that would get him to show up in her inbox (more



I tried to explain that, as she well knew, I believed them both to have equal blame in this situation, and so I would not take sides. This enraged her, and again, I was called a terrible friend.

Things only escalated further at that point. We ended up having a voice message fight over Facebook Messenger later that week. It was over Michael's alleged girlfriend, Syd.



Once again, she was on a tirade about how Syd was the worst. She'd got it into her head that Syd was an abusive partner and was making him miserable. She was the only one who could save him. I asked if she'd ever even met or spoken to Syd before. She said she had not, but her friend Michael Menendez had once told her that Syd and Michael once had a public fight on the grounds of faire. This, apparently, had led Bri to believe she was abusive.

Bri, at 40 years of age, has only had one

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

relationship in her life, and it was very short lived, and in her 20s. The closest thing before or since was being catfished by someone on the internet for three years during her early 30s. She doesn't have enough relationship experience to recognize this for what it was, or could have been. She saw it as she chose to see it, a woman fighting with her man publicly could only be the devil. Of course, I gave her alternatives as to how he could have been the one to provoke the fight, as she had no idea what it was about. She argued back.

I finally told her I was really tired of her relentlessly attacking a woman she didn't even know only because she was jealous. It was completely unacceptable behavior. I also called out her shallow hypocrisy when she was bragging about a coworker saying that a photo of Syd Bri had shown her that week was uglier than Bri was. Bri tittered with joy over that and wouldn't let it go. I had enough at this point. I told her she always gets upset when people say mean things to her. It's not right for her do the same to others.



Guess what? Exactly. I'm the worst friend ever because I refused to understand she needs to be petty and cruel because her heart is broken. I would have conceded and been far more tolerating of it had the cruelty not shown its head until then, but it'd been there all along.

Over time, she began calling her Syd again and acknowledged I had been right about her vitriol.

Summer 2020

By the time summer arrived, I had gotten great news. I've spent most of adulthood chronically ill. Most of it has been a chain reaction caused by a toxic medication I was placed on unnecessarily as a child and was never taken off of until I did it myself at the age of 38. It made my bones brittle and decay, causing permanent spinal damage and all of my teeth to fall out. I had replacements by the time I was 35, but those were falling out as well, one by one. I was distraught.

I received the news I was approved to get the remaining teeth extracted and a full set of

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

dentures. I couldn't have been more thrilled

I spent most of life fighting through several intestinal disorders, limiting the foods I can eat, and thyroid disease. I also used food as my preferred drug. To combat this, I got gastric sleeve surgery in 2014. I learned from there how to eat healthily and keep off the weight once it came off. But, after having two children in my 20s and being fat for so long, after I lost the weight I was left with about 5-10 pounds of skin on my belly making me feel, and look, still fat. My mother offered to help pay for the tummy tuck surgery I wanted so badly for my 40th birthday. I found out both of these things during the summer of 2020.

I've never known anyone to be more angry about a friend's happiness in my life.

"You just go ahead and be skinnier than you are now. I'll just be over here still being fat and unlovable!"

She also at one point that summer considered sleeping with a married man because he was showing her some attention. Someone whose wife she knew quite well and liked. She knew I highly disapproved and I tried to talk to her moral side to overcome her carnal one. She said she never went through with it. I don't know if that's true to this day. Surprise, surprise. His name was also Michael.

Fall 2020

The end is nigh. Randal and I had our falling out on Halloween, and I honestly think that was the real reason for the abrupt ending to this "friendship" that occurred two weeks later and not the circumstances listed. As without my connection to Randal, what good was I to her?

My surgeries for my mouth were in September and for my stomach, in October. So, I had plenty of time to be there for her when she got incredibly sick. She didn't know what was going on, but I suspected her gall bladder had finally given up. Bri is morbidly obese for a reason. When I went to her home for lunch one day, we were going to order a pizza. I figured since I'm generally full on one slice now, we could just get a small pizza and it'd satisfy both of us. That's one piece for me and 5 for her.

Instead, she continues the order

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

"Do you want wings?" she asks me.

"No," I said. "I told you, I'd only eat one piece of pizza."

"Oh, okay, then I'll just get 5. What about those loaded french fries?"

"With cheese and bacon?"

"Yup."

"I might eat one or two. I'll honestly be fine with just the pizza."

She ended up ordering all three. The pizza with alfredo sauce, extra cheese, and seafood toppings, 5 wings, and the loaded french fries. I had one slice of pizza and two fries. She ate the rest. I'm surprised her gall bladder waited this long to kick the bucket. Mine died from my unhealthy eating a decade earlier, and I never ate like she did.

I was there for her the entire time. She had never stopped messaging me daily this entire time. I was supportive. When she got out of the hospital, I sent her a delivery gift card for food and, when she asked, helped her with food recommendations for healthier eating. She seemed to finally be determined to shed some weight the healthy way. Or, so I thought.

She lost 20 pounds right away, then said it came back. I asked her why and she said she didn't know. She wasn't eating differently. I asked how much she was eating, and there I found the culprit. She was horrified when I told her the amounts she should be eating. She said, "I will not starve!"

She was beginning to show signs of acquired food allergies as well. I was concerned she might have a fructose allergy, after all of her beloved Coca-Colas. That's how mine was triggered, and she was exhibiting similar symptoms.

The day before she was to see the gastroenterologist was our last conversation. It was in November of 2020. I was very concerned because she was still feeling sick, and now seemed to be trying to find a way out of having to eat healthy and less. I told her she should follow the doctor's advice, even if he says she should restrict her diet.

Our paraphrased conversation -

"I'm not living without cheese and soda. I'm not."

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

"You might have to if you want to be well. You will never be healthy if you keep refusing to do the things you should do for body."

"I'll just get my friend Ann (an alternative medicine advocate by profession) to give me some enzymes or something so I can eat what I want."

"That's not how that works. It only partially works with lactose intolerance, and doesn't work at all with fructose intolerance. The only way is food elimination from your diet. You have been really sick and I'm worried. You really need to do what your doctor says to do. Not Ann."

"But, Ann...."

"Ann? The Queen of Homeopathic Bullshit? She is not a doctor. If you want to get better, you really need to listen to the doctors!"

"Did.... did you just call my friend the Queen of Homeopathic Bullshit?"

"Yes, I'm legitimately worried you're not taking this seriously and your health could be in jeopardy...."

Here is where she immediately blocks me on all platforms

After everything I feel like I've suffered with this friendship, I am the villain. I have been made to be the evil villain incarnate

I may have been mean in what I said about Ann in this situation. I genuinely do like Ann as a person. But, what I really wanted to say here that, for a living, she was nothing short of a medical con artist, but thought it was too harsh for the conversation lol. Clearly, my alternative was also too terrible.

Final Thoughts

She always reminded me of my cousin Missy. Someone who had let obesity define who they were - using food as their only comfort for loneliness and presenting with nothing short of a viciously cruel and bitter personality.

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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

Missy was one of the meanest people I'd ever met. She was downright cruel, primarily out of jealousy. When a friend of hers found me attractive over her, she never stopped from that



moment calling me "the whore". She believed ghosts were in love with her. She believed Hollywood actors would astral project to her and were in love with her. She was also catfished online, losing all of her savings and maxing out her credit cards.

She eventually died from her obesity last March, at only 41 years old. After being hospitalized for an entire year. She quite literally ate herself to death. Ate to make herself feel better and to cover for her desperately lonely life until she finally couldn't eat another bite.

Maybe recognizing this in her was why I was drawn to her when I should have run for the hills? A chance to help someone else that I couldn't help before. I don't know.

What I do know is this - Never Again

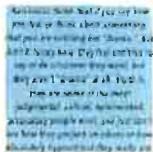


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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me

The Narcissistic Duelist

May 22, 2021



DISCLAIMER: I'm going to say upfront that I will be posting minimal screenshots in this blog, because they are embarrassing to me. It is not because I did anything wrong that I will not outline here also, but because th...

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I Left My Heart in West Virginia

June 22, 2021



The Weekend in West Virginia You probably won't understand this post unless you've already read *The Narcissist Duelist*, and even then, I left so much of the story out for my own peace of mind (and because of my promises to...

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Honesty and Friendship Don't Mix

April 25, 2021



Introduction (I will not be naming names directly on this blog, but you are welcome to ask in my inbox and I'll tell you.) I have always had difficulty fitting in with most people. I am considered to be "brutally honest". I hav...

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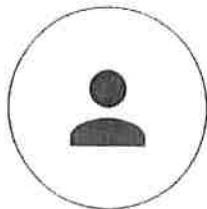
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The Manipulator Extraordinaire and Me



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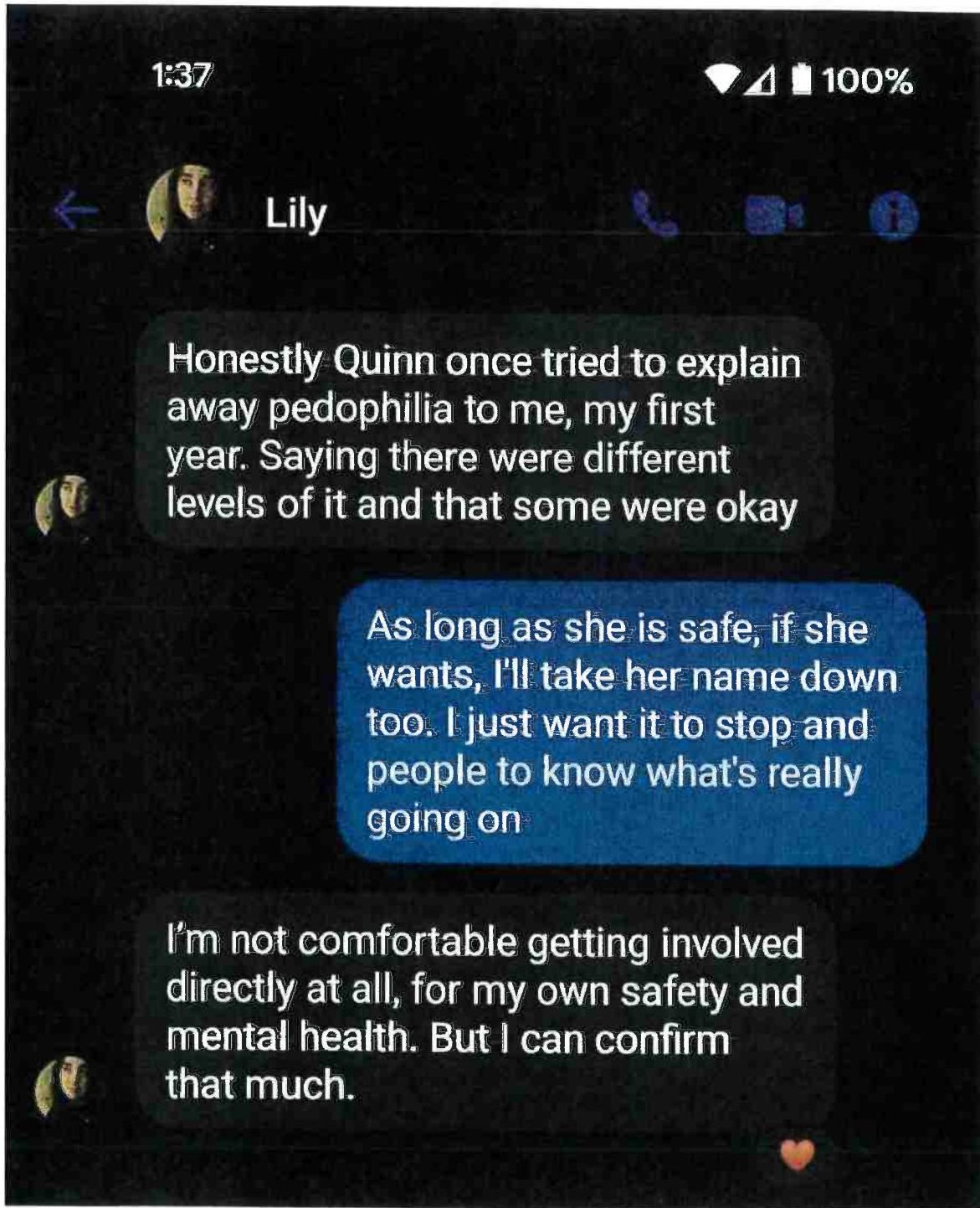
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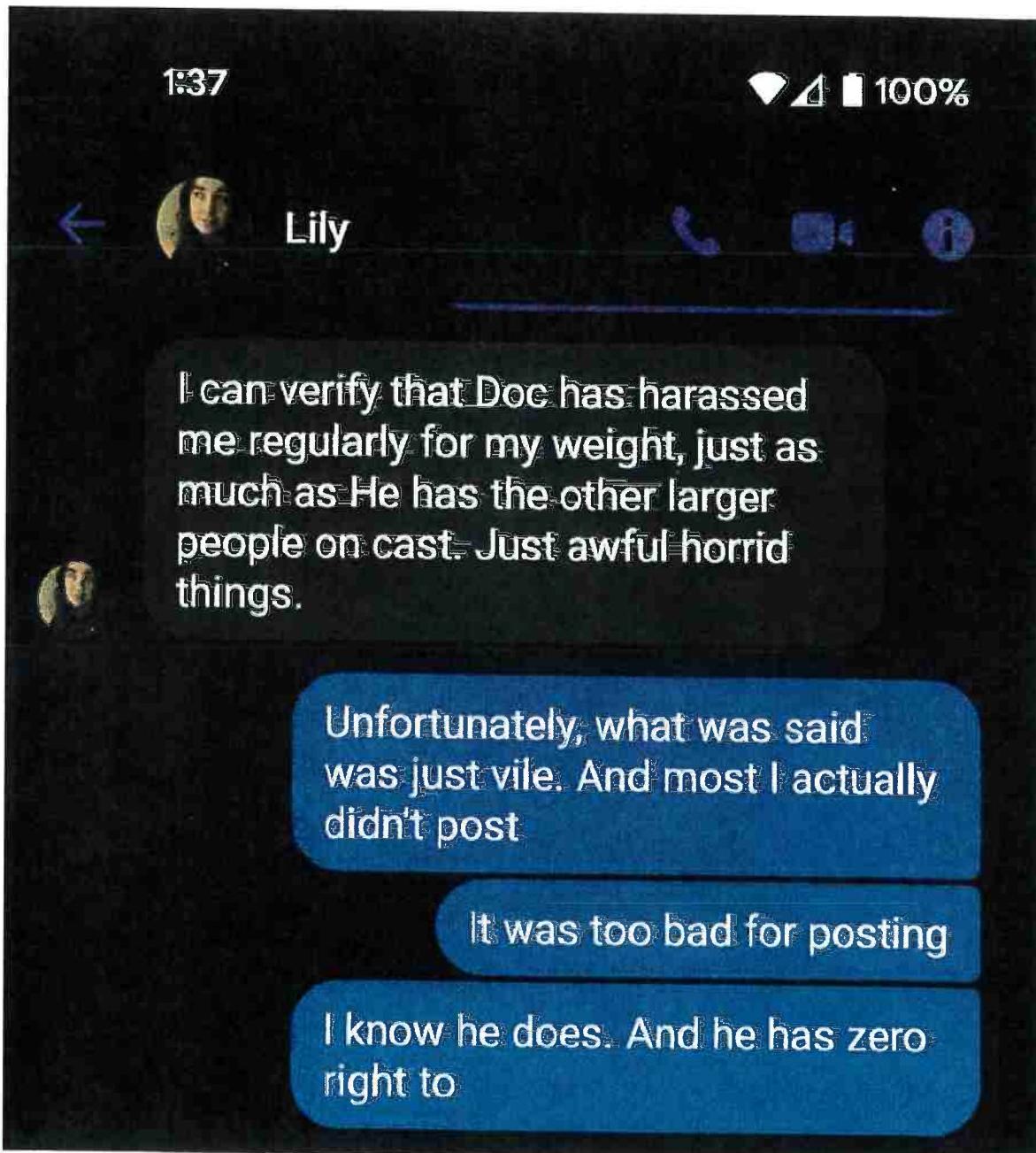
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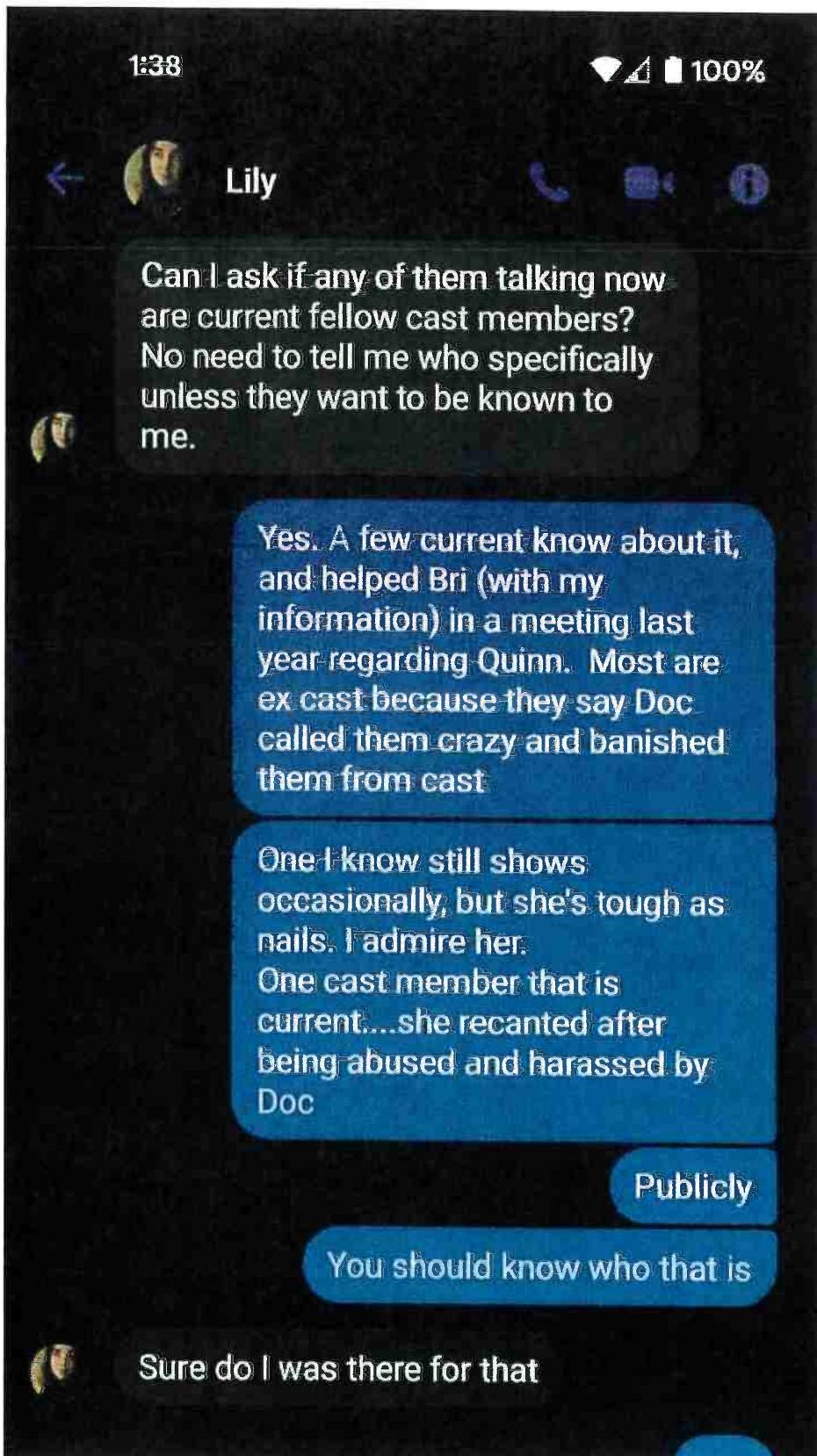


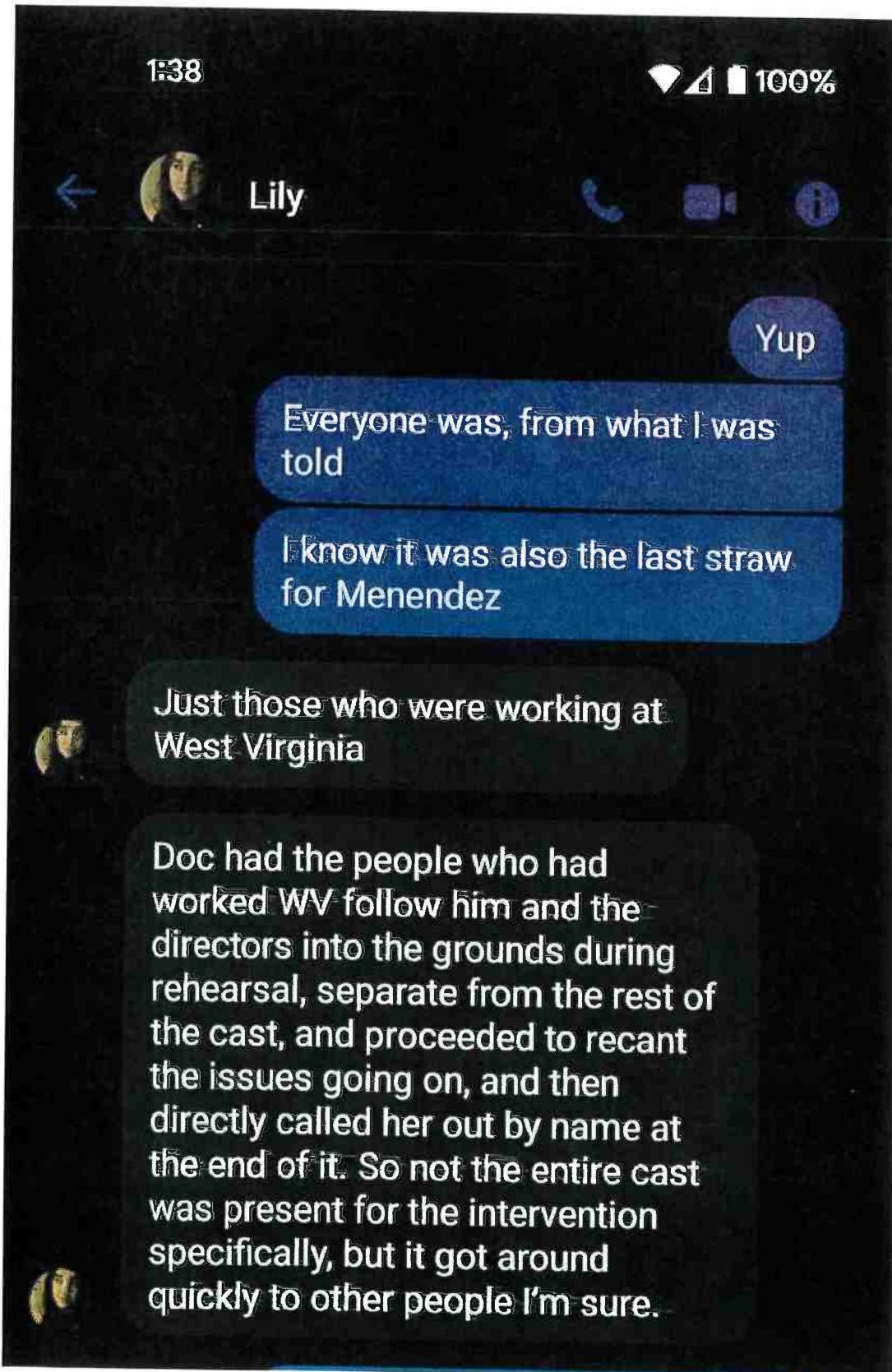
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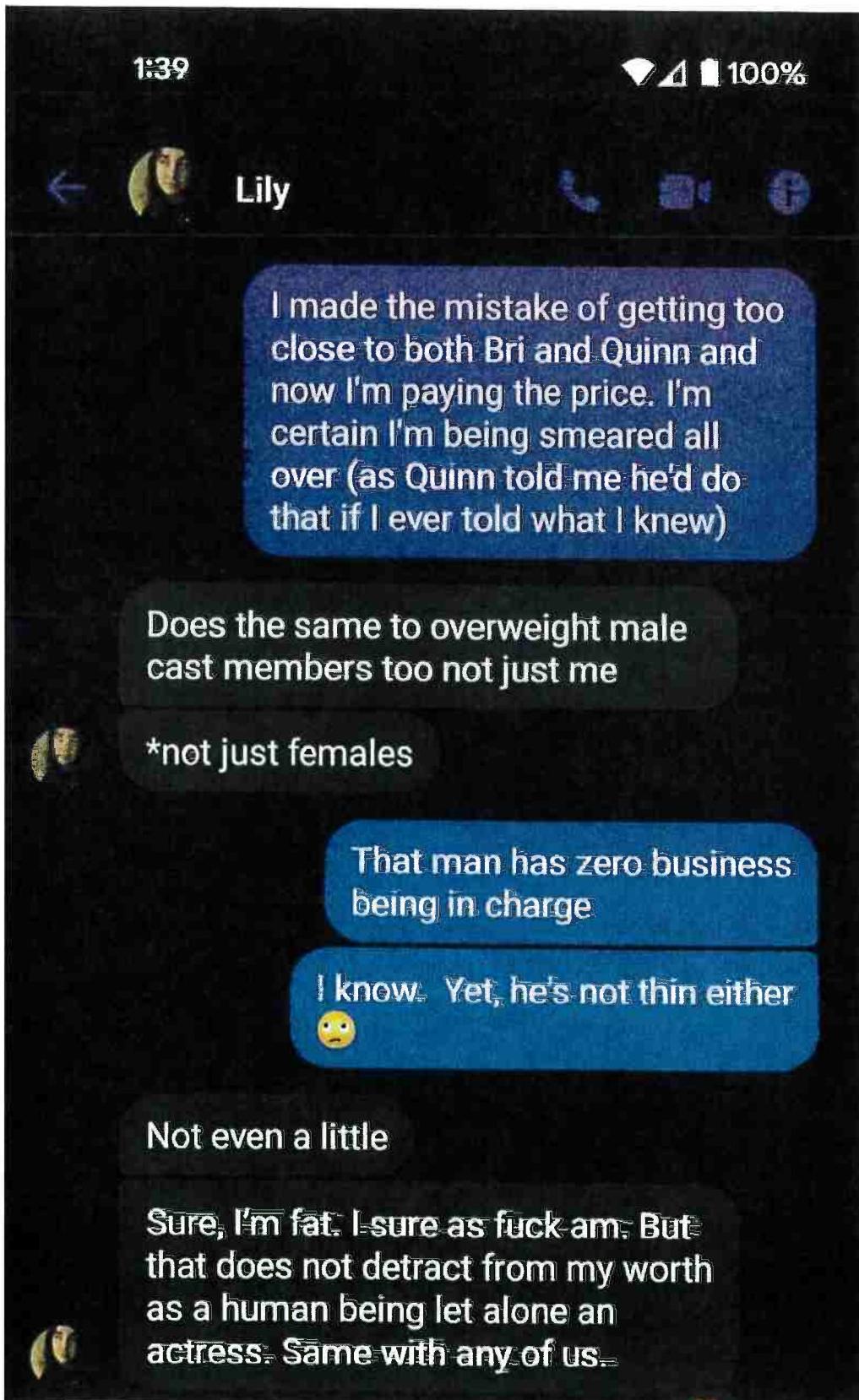
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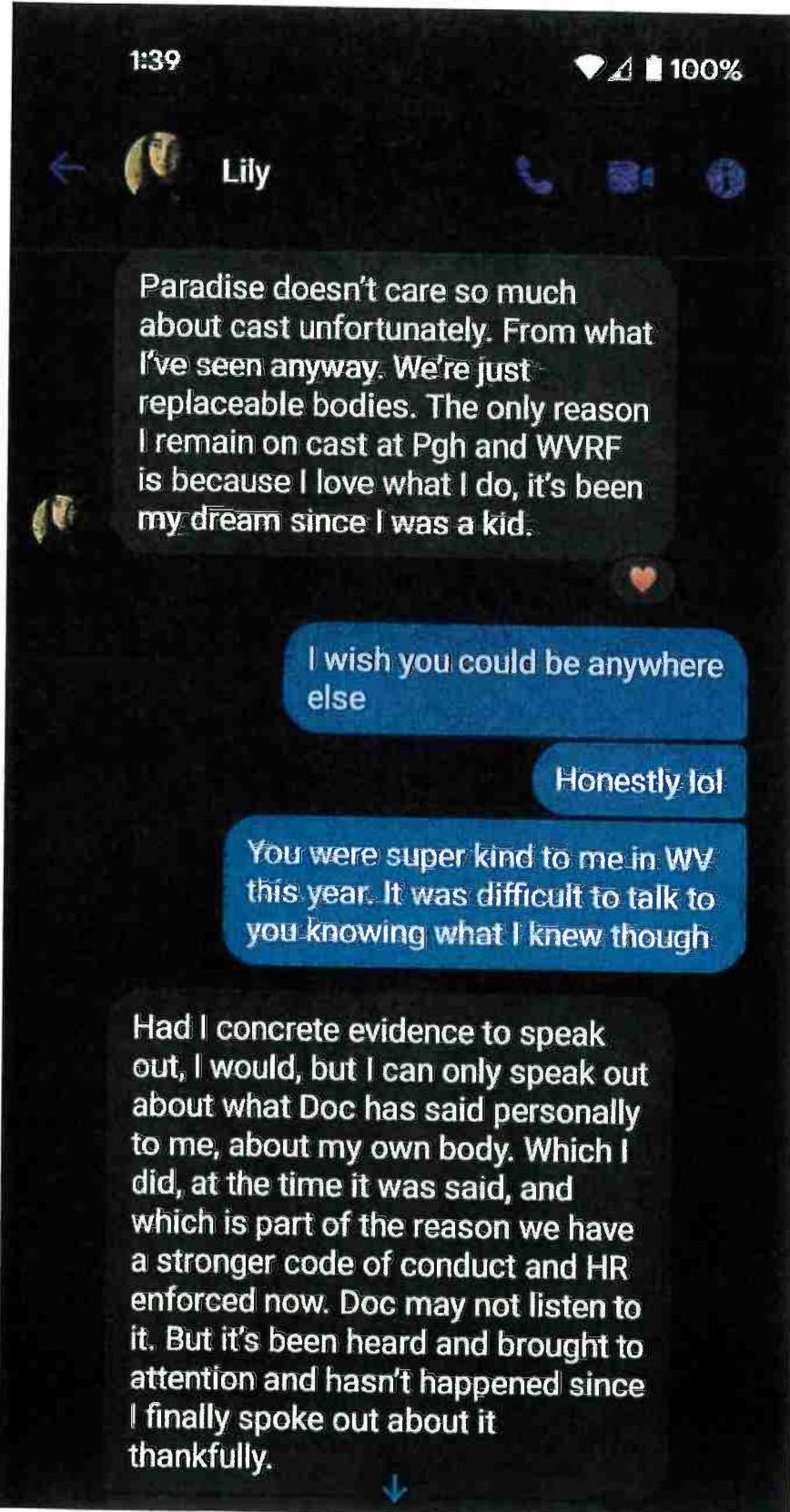


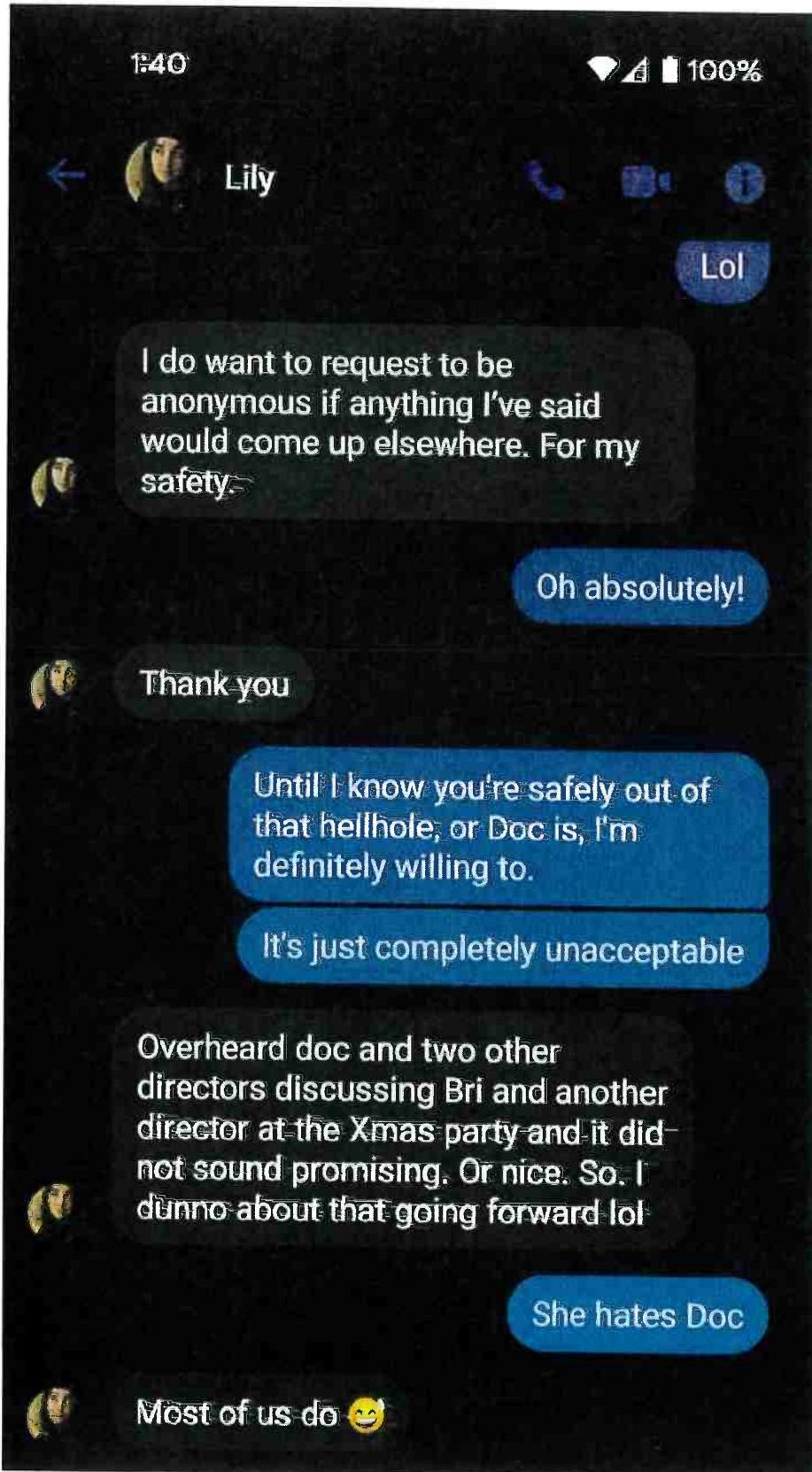


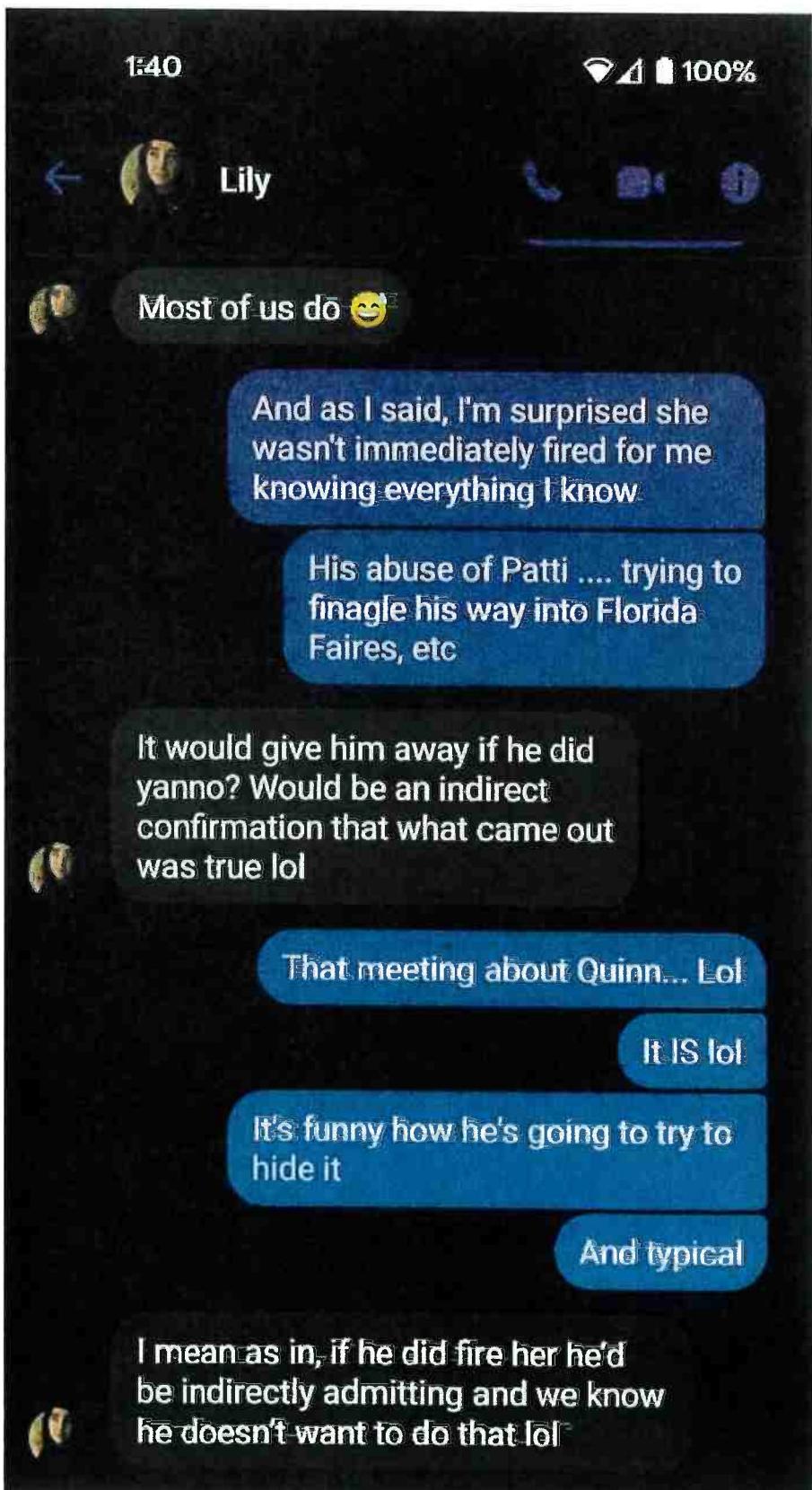


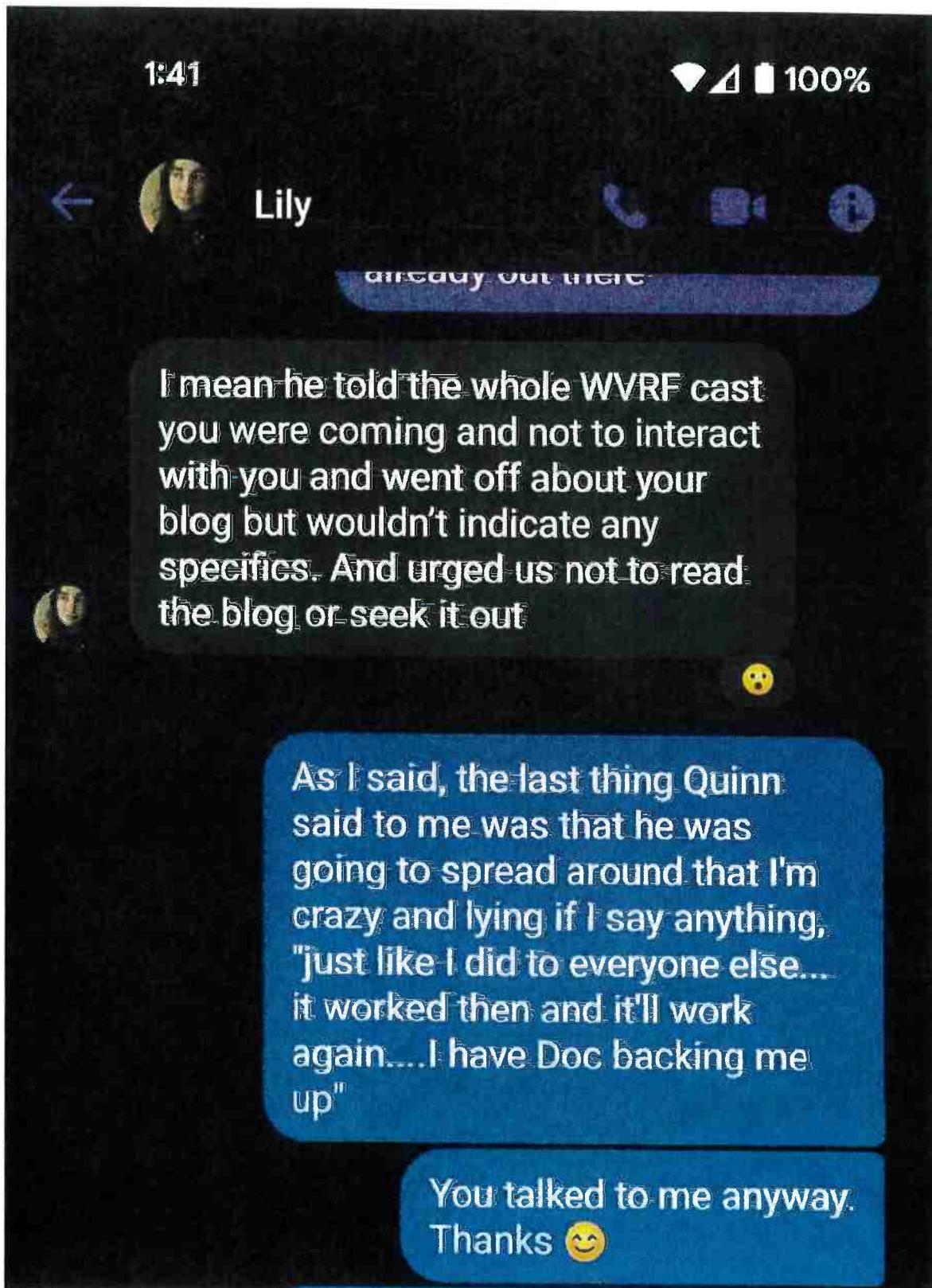


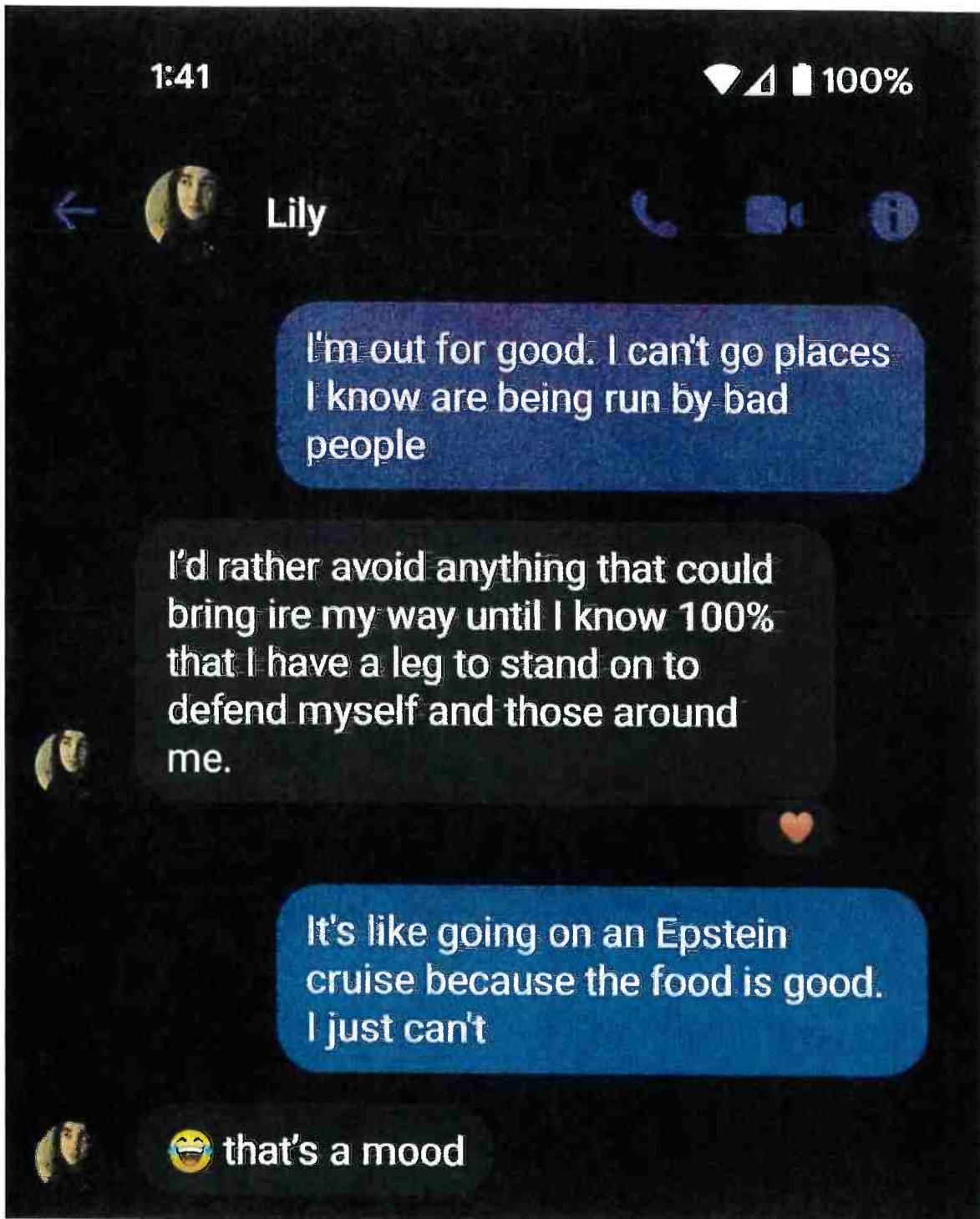












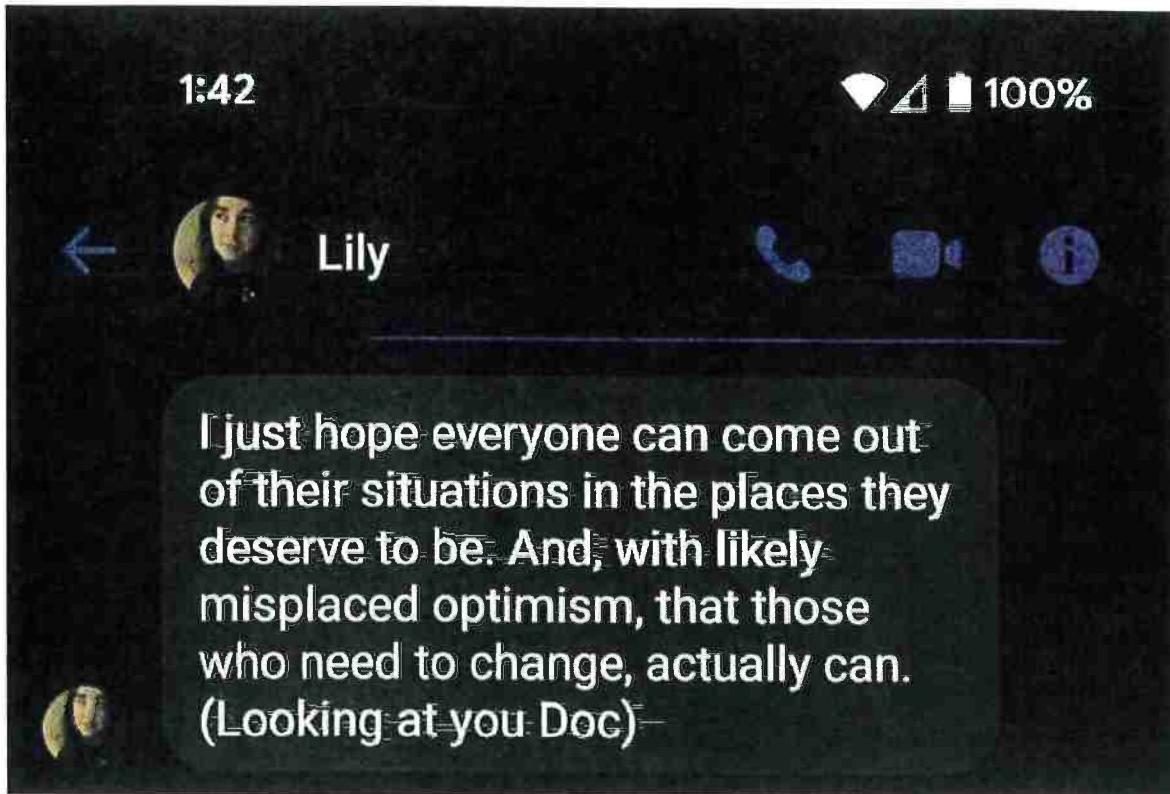


EXHIBIT 7



Courtney Conover

1h 23s

...

Those super emotional ladies on my friends list need to answer this for me, please. Because I can't take it lol.

There are some "logical" conclusions I'll never understand. This is why I can't be close with anyone who uses this train of thought, as to me, it's completely unreasonable. Perhaps SOMEONE on my list can at least make an attempt to help me understand it? I hope?

If you tell your female friend you've been verbally abused by your male "friend"/boss of 20 years. His wife supports him regardless and defends what he says and does, regardless of how sad she feels for your feelings. You worry far more about keeping your "friend"/boss happy and staying friends with them than to recognize the abuse or stand up for yourself.

Then you tell your female friend this same "friend" of yours is best friends with someone accused of rape of minors - at least 3-4 times. You are still convinced most of these beautiful teenaged girls were at fault and "googly eyed" over a 45+ year old man with bad teeth. They're mentally ill. They're the problem. Sometimes you recognize that it "could" be rape, but once they're "of statutory age" (16), they're on their own and it's no longer criminal to you because of "the law". You argue it's not wrong, therefore.

The friend you talk to recognizes that this is considered grooming and taking advantage of minors. This causes life long trauma in most. (Look at Susan and Felix Polk, just saying.) Your friend recognizes the emotional abuse being done to you and everyone else around you. Your friend tells you that the "friend" of yours who is abusive to you and besties with a pedo needs to be ousted. You refuse. You say you can "handle it". Your friend tells you to handle it then, because if you don't, she'll go public and call them out.

You get the pedo fired, but you continue to protect the "friend" that abuses you, has covered up the acts of the pedo, and abuses his other staff. After a year and a half, and you no longer talking to the friend who wants to go public because she is "mean" and "doesn't understand", she goes public.

The abuser gets his ego bruised, as he's upset the world knows the things he so desperately has tried to cover up. He sues your now ex-female friend for defamation, claiming she's lying and never got the information from you or anyone else - but made it up (no reason for this is given)

You are called to testify in a deposition/affidavit for the trial. You continue to defend the abuser. You backtrack on every statement you originally made, now being vague or claiming you don't remember. Your abuser "friend" fires you from your job for telling on him. He blocks you and you're no longer friends with either him or his wife. You are upset and you blame everything on yourself and your female friend who told. Your "logic" is: "It's all our fault. If I hadn't been indiscreet and told someone else about HR information and other private details when I was upset, I would still have my friends and my job. She is a backstabbing betrayer who lost me everything I care about most."

Please explain this to me like I'm 5.

Like

Comment



1

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EXHIBIT 8

**United States District Court
Eastern District of Pennsylvania (Allentown)
CIVIL DOCKET FOR CASE #: 5:21-cv-05574-JMG**

AMOR et al v. CONOVER
Assigned to: HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER
Cause: 28:1332 Diversity-Libel,Assault,Slander

Date Filed: 12/21/2021
Jury Demand: Plaintiff
Nature of Suit: 320 P.I.: Assault Libel & Slander
Jurisdiction: Federal Question

Plaintiff**JAMES MICHAEL AMOR**

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ATTORNEY TO BE NOTICED

Plaintiff**PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR**

represented by **TIMOTHY M. KOLMAN**
(See above for address)
ATTORNEY TO BE NOTICED

V.

Defendant**COURTNEY CONOVER**

represented by **COURTNEY CONOVER**
10631 RANDLEMAN ROAD
LOT 7
RANDLEMAN, NC 27317
Email: DAISY1080@MSN.COM
PRO SE

Date Filed	#	Docket Text
05/23/2022	<u>37</u>	AFFIDAVIT - SUBPOENA SUBMISSION FOR BRIANNA KUBE by COURTNEY CONOVER. (Attachments: # <u>1</u> Exhibit, # <u>2</u> Exhibit, # <u>3</u> Exhibit, # <u>4</u> E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 05/23/2022)
05/16/2022	<u>36</u>	AFFIDAVIT of BRIANNA KUBE by COURTNEY CONOVER. (Attachments: # <u>1</u> E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 05/16/2022)
05/13/2022	<u>35</u>	NOTICE that the Telephone Status Conference, in the above case has been rescheduled as follows: 1. The Status Conference in the above-captioned matter in Chambers before Judge John M. Gallagher on Tuesday, May 17, 2022, at 11:00 a.m. (ECF No. <u>32</u> , 3), is Cancelled. 2. Lead counsel shall appear VIA TELEPHONE for a Status conference in the above-captioned matter on Tuesday, May 31, 2022 at 11:00 a.m., by providing a calling

5/26/22, 8:06 PM

United States District Court Eastern District of Pennsylvania

		bridge to the United States District Court located at 504 West Hamilton Street, Suite 4701, Allentown, Pennsylvania. (mas) (Entered: 05/13/2022)
04/30/2022	34	AFFIDAVIT by COURTNEY CONOVER.. (Attachments: # 1 E-MAIL)(bw) Modified on 5/3/2022 (lisad,). (Entered: 05/02/2022)
04/13/2022	33	ORDER THAT THE MOTION FOR A TEMPORARY RESTRAINING ORDER (ECF NO. 26), IS DENIED AS MOOT. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 4/13/22. 4/13/22 ENTERED AND COPIES E-MAILED.(er) (Entered: 04/13/2022)
04/06/2022	32	SCHEDULING ORDER: FINAL PRETRIAL CONFERENCE SET FOR 7/27/2022 01:30 PM IN Allentown BEFORE HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER. STATUS CONFERENCE SET FOR 5/17/2022 11:00 AM IN Telephone Conference BEFORE HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER. DISCOVERY DUE BY 5/31/2022. JURY SELECTION SET FOR 8/5/2022 09:00 AM IN Philadelphia BEFORE HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER. MOTIONS DUE BY 4/19/2022. MOTION IN LIMINE DUE BY 7/5/2022. MOTION FOR SUMMARY JUDGMENT DUE BY 6/7/2022. DEFENDANT PRETRIAL MEMO DUE BY 6/28/2022. JOINT PRETRIAL MEMO DUE BY 6/28/2022. TRIAL DATE SET FOR 8/8/2022 09:00 AM IN Allentown BEFORE HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 4/6/22. 4/6/22 ENTERED AND COPIES E-MAILED.(er) (Entered: 04/06/2022)
04/05/2022	31	Minute Entry for proceedings held before HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER: Telephone Pretrial Conference held on 4/5/22. Court Reporter: ESR. (er) (Entered: 04/05/2022)
04/04/2022	30	EXHIBIT by COURTNEY CONOVER.. (Attachments: # 1 Exhibit, # 2 Exhibit, # 3 E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 04/05/2022)
04/04/2022	29	Exhibit re 26 First MOTION for Temporary Restraining Order filed by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR.Exhibit 3 - Screenshot - Out for Dinner for Son's Birthday 031822.(KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) Modified on 4/5/2022 (lisad,). (Entered: 04/04/2022)
04/03/2022	28	REPLY to Response to Motion re 26 First MOTION for Temporary Restraining Order filed by COURTNEY CONOVER. (Attachments: # 1 E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 04/04/2022)
04/03/2022	27	EXHIBIT re 26 First MOTION for Temporary Restraining Order by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR. *FILED UNDER SEAL* (lisad,) (lisad,). (Entered: 04/04/2022)
04/03/2022	26	First MOTION for Temporary Restraining Order filed by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR.Memorandum. (Attachments: # 1 Memorandum in Support of Temporary Restraining Order, # 2 Exhibit 1 - Blog of Defendant, # 3 Exhibit 2 - Notarized Affidavits of Plaintiffs, # 4 Text of Proposed Order)(KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) (Entered: 04/03/2022)
03/30/2022	25	ORDER THAT TELEPHONIC CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD ON TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 2022, AT 1:00 P.M., TO DISCUSS SCHEDULING DEFENDANTS DEPOSITION AND A HEARING ON PLAINTIFF'S PRELIMINARY INJUNCTION MOTION. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 3/30/22. 3/30/22 ENTERED AND COPIES E-MAILED.(er) (Entered: 03/30/2022)
03/29/2022	24	Letter - E-Mail - to Chambers dated 3/29/22 by COURTNEY CONOVER (bw) (Entered: 03/30/2022)
03/29/2022	23	Letter to Chambers dated 3/29/22 by COURTNEY CONOVER (Attachments: # 1 E-

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		MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 03/30/2022)
03/21/2022	22	ORDER THAT THE MOTION TO COMPEL (ECF NO. 14) IS DENIED AS MOOT. THE MOTION TO CONTINUE IS GRANTED. THE PRELIMINARY INJUNCTION HEARING SCHEDULED FOR MARCH 23, 2022, IS CANCELLED. PURSUANT TO FEDERAL RULE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE RULE 16(A), A TELEPHONIC CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD ON TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 2022, AT 10:00 A.M., ETC. DEFENDANT IS ORDERED TO SUBMIT TO THE COURT PROOF OF HER MEDICAL CONDITION AND AN EXPLANATION OF HOW LONG IT WILL BE UNTIL DEFENDANT IS ABLE TO PROCEED WITH THIS CASE, ETC. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 3/21/22. 3/21/22 ENTERED AND COPIES E-MAILED.(er) (Entered: 03/21/2022)
03/17/2022	21	Minute Entry for proceedings held before HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER: Telephone Status Conference held on 3/17/22. Court Reporter: None. (er) (Entered: 03/17/2022)
03/15/2022	20	NOTICE OF STATUS CONFERENCE. TAKE NOTICE, that a Telephone Status Conference, in the above case has been set as follows: A telephonic conference shall be held on Thursday, March 17, 2022, at 8:00 a.m. Defendant Conover and counsel for Plaintiffs MUST attend this conference by calling into the United States District Court located at 504 West Hamilton Street, Suite 4701, Allentown, Pennsylvania at 8:00 a.m. (er) (Entered: 03/15/2022)
03/14/2022	19	Letter To Chambers dated 3/14/22 by COURTNEY CONOVER (Attachments: # 1 E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 03/15/2022)
03/14/2022	18	NOTICE OF PRETRIAL CONFERENCE CANCELLATION: TAKE NOTICE, that the Status conference scheduled for Tuesday, March 15, 2022 at 9:00 AM (ECF No. 17) is CANCELLED. (er) (Entered: 03/14/2022)
03/14/2022	17	NOTICE OF STATUS CONFERENCE. TAKE NOTICE, that a Telephone Status Conference, in the above case has been set as follows: A telephonic conference shall be held on Tuesday, March 15, 2022, at 9:00 a.m. Defendant Conover and counsel for Plaintiffs MUST attend this conference by calling into the United States District Court located at 504 West Hamilton Street, Suite 4701, Allentown, Pennsylvania at 9:00 a.m. (er) (Entered: 03/14/2022)
03/12/2022	16	EXHIBIT by COURTNEY CONOVER.. (Attachments: # 1 E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 03/14/2022)
03/12/2022	15	RESPONSE to Motion re 14 MOTION to Compel <i>Deposition of Defendant and for Special Relief</i> filed by COURTNEY CONOVER. (Attachments: # 1 E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 03/14/2022)
03/12/2022	14	MOTION to Compel <i>Deposition of Defendant and for Special Relief</i> filed by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR.Certification of Good Faith. (Attachments: # 1 Exhibit 1 - email exchanges complying with Court Directive to Schedule Deposition, # 2 Declaration Attorney representation of Good Faith, # 3 Text of Proposed Order, # 4 Certificate of Service)(KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) (Entered: 03/12/2022)
03/03/2022	13	ORDER THAT THE COURT WILL HOLD AN EVIDENTIARY HEARING ON THE PRELIMINARY INJUNCTION MOTION ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 2022, AT 10:00 A.M., AT THE EDWARD N. CAHN FEDERAL BUILDING, IN COURTROOM 4B, UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT LOCATED AT 504 WEST HAMILTON STREET, ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, 18104. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 3/3/22. 3/3/22 ENTERED AND COPIES E-MAILED.(er) (Entered: 03/03/2022)

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03/01/2022	12	Minute Entry for proceedings held before HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER: Telephone Status Conference held on 3/1/22. Court Reporter: None. (er) (Entered: 03/01/2022)
02/28/2022	11	CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR re 10 Letter to Judge regarding Testimony to be Presented at Evidentiary Hearing (KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) (Entered: 02/28/2022)
02/28/2022	10	Letter dated 02/28/2022 by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR. (KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) (Entered: 02/28/2022)
02/23/2022	9	PRO SE NOTICE RE:GUIDELINES (mas) (Entered: 02/23/2022)
02/23/2022	8	ORDER THAT THE COURT CONSTRUES DEFENDANTS LETTER RESPONSE AS BOTH AN ANSWER TO PLAINTIFFS COMPLAINT AND AS A RESPONSE TO PLAINTIFFS MOTION FOR PRELIMINARY INJUNCTIVE RELIEF. THE CLERK OF COURT IS DIRECTED TO ENTER DEFENDANTS APPEARANCE AS A SELF-REPRESENTED PARTY AND TO EMAIL A COPY OF THE PRO SE GUIDELINES TO DEFENDANT. A TELEPHONIC CONFERENCE SHALL BE HELD ON TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 2022, AT 1:00 P.M. DEFENDANT CONOVER AND COUNSEL FOR PLAINTIFFS MUST ATTEND THIS CONFERENCE BY CALLING INTO THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT LOCATED AT 504 WEST HAMILTON STREET, SUITE 4701, ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA AT 1:00 P.M. AT THIS CONFERENCE, THE COURT WILL DETERMINE WHEN TO HOLD AN EVIDENTIARY HEARING ON PLAINTIFFS MOTION FOR PRELIMINARY INJUNCTIVE RELIEF AND HOW MUCH TIME TO RESERVE FOR THAT HEARING. AT THE CONFERENCE, DEFENDANT AND COUNSEL FOR PLAINTIFFS SHOULD BE PREPARED TO DISCUSS ALL THE EVIDENCE THEY INTEND TO PRESENT DURING THE EVIDENTIARY HEARING ON PLAINTIFFS MOTION. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 2/23/22. 2/23/22 ENTERED AND COPIES E-MAILED. (mas) Modified on 2/24/2022 (lisad,). (Entered: 02/23/2022)
02/18/2022	7	Letter Response dated 2/18/22 by COURTNEY CONOVER (Attachments: # 1 Exhibit A, # 2 Exhibit B, # 3 Exhibit C, # 4 Exhibit D, # 5 Exhibit E, # 6 Exhibit F, # 7 Exhibit 1, # 8 Exhibit 2, # 9 Exhibit 3, # 10 Exhibit 4, # 11 Exhibit 5, # 12 Exhibit 6, # 13 Exhibit 7, # 14 Exhibit BLOG 1, # 15 Exhibit BLOG 2, # 16 Exhibit MJ, # 17 Exhibit PRINT, # 18 E-MAIL)(bw) (Entered: 02/22/2022)
02/15/2022	6	ORDER THAT DEFENDANT SHALL RESPOND TO PLAINTIFFS MOTION FOR PRELIMINARY INJUNCTIVE RELIEF NO LATER THAN MARCH 2, 2022. THE CLERK OF COURT IS DIRECTED TO MAIL A COPY OF THIS ORDER TO DEFENDANT AT THE ADDRESS AT WHICH DEFENDANT WAS SERVED, WHICH IS 10631 RANDLEMAN ROAD, #7, RANDLEMAN, NORTH CAROLINA 27317. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 2/15/22. 2/16/22 ENTERED AND COPIES MAILED TO UNREP AND E-MAILED.(mas) (Entered: 02/16/2022)
02/14/2022	5	SUMMONS Returned Executed by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR re: Deputy D. Conard served Summons and Complaint upon COURTNEY CONOVER by Personally Served. COURTNEY CONOVER served on 2/9/2022, answer due 3/2/2022. (KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) Modified on 2/15/2022 (lisad,). (Entered: 02/14/2022)
01/04/2022	4	ORDER THAT PLAINTIFFS SHALL IMMEDIATELY SERVE ON DEFENDANT A COPY OF THIS ORDER AND, IF NOT ALREADY SERVED, PLAINTIFFS MOTION FOR PRELIMINARY INJUNCTIVE RELIEF. PLAINTIFFS SHALL NOTIFY THE COURT BY EMAIL ONCE IT HAS SERVED DEFENDANT A COPY OF THIS ORDER AND THE MOTION FOR PRELIMINARY INJUNCTIVE RELIEF. THIS

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United States District Court Eastern District of Pennsylvania

		EMAIL SHALL SPECIFY THE TIME AND FORM OF SERVICE. DEFENDANT SHALL RESPOND TO PLAINTIFFS MOTION FOR PRELIMINARY INJUNCTIVE RELIEF NO LATER THAN 21 DAYS AFTER DEFENDANT HAS BEEN SERVED THE SUMMONS, THE COMPLAINT, THIS ORDER AND PLAINTIFFS MOTION FOR PRELIMINARY INJUNCTIVE RELIEF. SIGNED BY HONORABLE JOHN M. GALLAGHER ON 1/4/22. 1/4/22 ENTERED AND COPIES E-MAILED.(mas,) (Entered: 01/04/2022)
12/30/2021		Summons Issued as to COURTNEY CONOVER. E-Mailed Forwarded To: Counsel on 12/30/21 (er,) (Entered: 01/03/2022)
12/30/2021	<u>3</u>	MOTION for Preliminary Injunction filed by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR. Memorandum. (Attachments: # <u>1</u> Memorandum of Law in Support of Preliminary Injunction, # <u>2</u> Exhibit Defamatory statements - ads redacted, # <u>3</u> Text of Proposed Order)(KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) (Entered: 12/30/2021)
12/30/2021	<u>2</u>	COMPLAINT against COURTNEY CONOVER (Filing fee \$ 402 receipt number APAEDC-15635183.), filed by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR. (Attachments: # <u>1</u> Civil Cover Sheet, # <u>2</u> Designation Form, # <u>3</u> Case Management Track Form)(KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) (Attachment 1 replaced on 1/3/2022) (sbt,). (Attachment 2 replaced on 1/3/2022) (sbt,). (Entered: 12/30/2021)
12/30/2021	<u>1</u>	AMENDED DOCUMENT by JAMES MICHAEL AMOR, PATRICIA ELVIRA AMOR. <i>Designation Form for Initial Complaint filed 12/21/21.</i> (KOLMAN, TIMOTHY) (Entered: 12/30/2021)

PACER Service Center			
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EXHIBIT 9



Courtney Conover

4h ·

...

I would like to say here that last night, I found out very disturbing news about the owners of the Pittsburgh and Colorado Renaissance Festival - the Paradises.

They fired Bri ("chose not to renew her contract") due to "releasing to the public confidential HR information". Translation: She told ME all of the horrific things that had been done at the festival to underage girls over the last 10 years, and how Doc and Patti covered them up and smeared the young ladies, taking the side of the pedophile rapist - Gene "Quinn" Harlin.

Due to Bri's efforts, Quinn is no longer employed at the festival. But, due to telling me, and me telling the world, the TRUTH about the festival's ACTUAL activities (illegal ones), she was let go.

This, for one, violates the federal whistleblower law (yes, it applies to independent contractors). Also, doesn't it sound eerily close to "we gotta prosecute the LEAKER of the overturning of Roe v Wade brief!". They care more about the fact it got out than what they have done to harm others. This speaks VOLUMES about the people who own the Pittsburgh and Colorado Festivals.

I came to find out last night Bri was not the sole victim of the Paradise's vengeance for telling the public about their misdeeds. One of my informants, who was a current cast member until two weeks ago, was found out by Doc. Although I took great pains to disguise her identity, he somehow figured it out. She was given the same email - they are not renewing her contract.

Disgustingly, her cast husband was sent another email, stating he could rejoin cast if he chose to, but he may want to discuss it with her first because of "the issues with your wife".

Fuck Jim Paradise. Fuck their entire Renaissance Faire empire. And if you continue to work for them, fuck you too. You're complicit.



2

7 Comments

Like

Comment

EXHIBIT 10

Courtney Conover
1h · S

It always blows my mind when you come forward with the truth, because several people have come to you and begged for your help, and so many others are somehow seeing it as if being "all about me". That I'm trying to hurt people. And yet, the opposite is true. If no one had come to me with all of it, I would have never said anything. If people hadn't harmed ME in the ways they have, I would never have said anything. I am an abuse victim now turned into a fighter for those suffering. And yet, some have decided that makes ME the asshole.
I'd love to know how trying to do the right thing and help people when they ask, makes me evil incarnate.

Moral of the Story - Never tell the truth or try to help people because you will somehow be made into a villain.

Like 2 · 3 Comments

Like Share

Amanda Senavitis
Did court not go well? ...

Like 1h

Courtney Conover
Amanda Senavitis It was routine. He only has his own word and one staff member character witness to back him up. At least so far. The judge said that's enough to move forward to preliminary hearings. He also said if he's not proved all the elements (which is unlikely), that I can then file a motion for summary judgment and end it there and then. Which is the intention. The problem is, there are so many people mad at me for saying ANYTHING, it's horrible. I tried reaching out to the guy who wrote a long damning letter about Doc as the reason for him quitting... he yelled at me and said he wasn't going to talk to me because I'm "all about me" and selfish and horrible because I came forward on the request of others. Staying silent is the only way you're a good person, apparently. If people come to you and ask for help, being a good person means telling them no, you're on your own. Being a bad person means helping them.

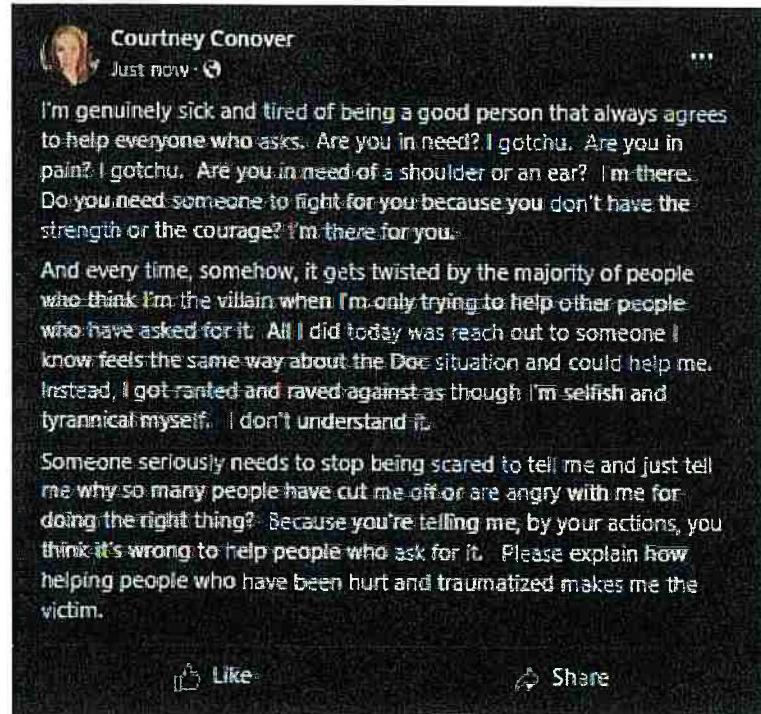


EXHIBIT 11

Kayla Miller

Intro

It's quiet upstate

Lives in Indiana, Pennsylvania

From Irwin, Pennsylvania

Photos

Friends

740 (73 mutual)

Danielle Curle (2 mutual friends)

T. Meesch (1 mutual friend)

Helen Winn (23 mutual friends)

Write a comment

Kayla Miller March 15

I've been sitting here all day trying to write this post and I've struggled. But I've got almost ten years worth of anguish, frustration and hurt to pour out on the internet so here we go.

In November of 2013 I was sexually assaulted by Ed Ryan. Actually, I'm sick of sugar coating it. In November of 2013, Ed Ryan forcibly raped me. That is the truth. That has always been the truth. It will never stop being the truth. Because, unlike others who have come forward, I was awake, alert, and sober during my rape. It is almost ten years later and I remember everything. I choose not to describe my rape in graphic detail but unfortunately, I can.

But that's not the point of this post. The point of this post is that today, multiple others have come forward. Stating they too have been assaulted. Stating that they had been assaulted years after me. And I can't help but think that this could have been prevented.

I sat with my rape for around six months and told no one. I was afraid. I was ashamed. I was embarrassed. Ed was dating someone who I thought was my friend, Adrienne Short. Someone I didn't want to be hurt by this because we were friends. So I sat with it.

At the six months I'd heard from a friend about Ed assaulting someone else, a story that now is part of a larger pattern. Said friend had questions about believing the other girl and that was when I knew I had to say something.

No. She's telling the truth. I know because he did it to me too.

And then it was off. Suddenly, I felt like everyone in our small town knew my business. I was exposed. On display. Open for criticism and critique. Every boyfriend I ever had was brought into question. If I drank or used drugs brought into question. If I so much walked alone at night by myself was brought into question. All to prove that I was a liar, that I'd made it all up for attention. That I had some ulterior motive to gain.

This wasn't done by the police to make a legal case.

This was done by people I thought were my friends.

One of the biggest and cruellest individuals was Adrienne Short herself. A person who now is fully in support of all the victims who came forward. The same person who told and to this day, along with her husband Nick Pacifici and others of their friend group, continue to tell people that I am making things up for attention. That I'm crazy. That I'm lying. That I made everything up for sympathy.

They spread all of their "information" across dozens of my friends. Shaming me openly and publicly repeatedly over what is almost a decade long stretch. I lost many friends because of their lies. Lies that still sound as ridiculous as elephants learning how to fly.

I don't want to say this is a post for blame. But at the same time, this is a post to acknowledge that yes, Ed is the rapist. But those who are just today accepting him being a rapist helped aid and abet him for almost ten years with their silence and lies. They have the blood of any assault that occurred after the summer of 2014 on their hands. They do not get to play the welcoming believer of survivors when they did not believe one of the first survivors to speak openly about what happened. I honestly still do not believe that they are safe people for survivors to be open to.

As for me, I don't want their apologies even though I am owed one. I don't need them. So for you who will screenshot this and send it to Adrienne, Nick and others, tell them not to bother trying to talk to me. Because with friends like that, I'd never need another enemy again in my life. And while

OUTSTANDING LEGAL ISSUES TO BE ADDRESSED AT THE FINAL PRE-

TRIAL CONFERENCE

1. Issues of prejudice to Plaintiffs by Defendant and her witnesses testifying to matters and events outside the scope of relevant evidence.
2. Concerns on how Defendant will testify in her own case given she has no lawyer.
3. Concerns on how Defendant will introduce evidence.
4. Concerns regarding Defendant's demeanor in court.
5. Issues of preclusion of evidence addressed in Motions in Limine

TRIAL TIME

Plaintiffs anticipate two to three (2-3) days to put on their case in chief and estimates the entire trial should take four to five (4-5) days.

KOLMAN LAW P.C.

/s/*Timothy M Kolman*
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Date: September 12, 2022,

Attorneys for Plaintiffs